TAGORE'S HISTORIC WORDS

The flaming message of his recent utterances

The wheels of Fate will some day compel the English to give up their Indian empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind, what stark misery? When the stream of their centuries' administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth they will leave behind them!

I had one time believed that the springs of civilisation would issue out of the heart of Europe, but to-day when I am about to quit the world that stubborn faith has gone bankrupt altogether.

Rabindranath Tagore

The wheels of Fate will some day compel the English to give up their Indian empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind, what stark misery? When the stream of their centuries' administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth they will leave behind them!

I had one time believed that the springs of civilisation would issue out of the heart of Europe, but to-day when I am about to quit the world that stubborn faith has gone bankrupt altogether

Rabindranath Tagore

The wheels of Fate will some day compel the English to give up their Indian empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind, what stark misery? When the stream of their centuries' administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth they will leave behind them!

I had one time believed that the springs of civilisation would issue out of the heart of Europe, but to-day when I am about to quit the world that stubborn faith has gone bankrupt altogether

Rabindranath Tagore

The wheels of Fate will some day compel the English to give up their Indian empire. But what kind of India will they leave behind, what stark misery? When the stream of their centuries' administration runs dry at last, what a waste of mud and filth they will leave behind them!

I had one time believed that the springs of civilisation would issue out of the heart of Europe, but to-day when I am about to quit the world that stubborn faith has gone bankrupt altogether.

Rabindranath Tagore

I

The demon of barbarity has given up all pretence and has emerged with unconcealed fangs and teeth, ready to tear up the world and spread devastation. From one end to another, the poisonous fumes of hatred defile the atmosphere. This plague of persecution, which lay dormant in the civilisation of the West, has at last roused itself to create havoc and desecrate the spirit of man.

In my earlier days I had been an admirer of the British people. The generosity of the English had not yet then been vitiated by imperialist pride. The noble nature of the British people was to the Indians a source of perpetual admiration.

I had the opportunity of listening to the speeches of John Bright, both in and outside Parliament. Even as a boy I was struck with their largeness of heart, which overflowed all narrow national bounds and spread its influence far afield. That is why even in these days when England has fallen from her former grace, I remember and cherish my recollections of those other days.

Later in life when I emerged into the stark light of bare facts, the sight of dire poverty of the Indian masses rent my heart. I then began to realise that perhaps in no other modern state had there been such hopeless dearth of the most elementary needs of existence. How could I help thinking that it was India that had kept replenishing the coffers of the British people? Such travesty of the human ideal, such aberration in the mentality of the so-called civilised races, such criminal and contemptuous indifference to the crores of helpless Indian people—I could never have imagined.

The blackest of evils that had come in

the wake of British administration was much more than the rulers' neglect and apathy to provide the minimum amenities of civilised existence. Their failure was nowhere more apparent than in the way in which they had contrived to divide the Indians amongst themselves. The pity of it all lay in the fact that now perhaps they wanted to lay the blame at the door of Indian society. This ugly culmination of Indian history would never have been possible if communalism and provincialism and lack of mutual faith were not sedulously encouraged to grow to their present vicious form by some secret conclave holding the highest responsibilities in the system of administration.

Indians are in no way inferior to the Japanese, either in intellect or capacity. The fundamental difference between the two lies in the fact that whereas India is not only overcome but is also overwhelmed by the British, Japan has never allowed her interests to be clouded over by the benevolent protectorate of some European power.

Our rulers have established, what they call the Government of "law and order"—or in other words a policeman's administration. **It is now no longer possible for us to retain any respect for the mockery of civilisation, *which believes in ruling by force and has* no faith in freedom at all.** By their miserly denial of all that is best in their civilisation, by withholding true human relationship from the Indians, the English have effectively closed for us all paths to progress.

Mr. C. F. Andrews was a real Englishman, a real Christian and a true man and the whole of India will remain indebted to him *for his various acts of charity which had* distinguished a lifetime of dedicated service. I am specially beholden to him because he helped me to retain in my old age that feeling of respect for the English race which I was about to lose completely. Along with his memory the greatness of his people will abide with me for ever.

I had one time believed that the *springs* of civilisation would issue out of

the heart of Europe, but to-day when I am about to quit the world that stubborn faith has gone bankrupt altogether. To-day my one last hope is that the deliverer will be born in this poverty-stricken country and from the East his divine message will go forth to the world at large and fill the heart of man with boundless hope. As I proceed onward I look behind to see the crumbling ruins of civilisation strewn like a vast dung-heap of futility. And I shall not commit the grievous sin of losing faith in man. I would rather look forward to the opening of a new chapter in this history after the cataclysm is over and the atmosphere rendered clean with the spirit of service and sacrifice. Perhaps that dawn will come from this horizon from the East where the sun rises. Another day will come when the unvanquished man will retrace his path of glory, despite all barriers, to win back his lost human heritage.

[SANTINIKETAN APRIL 14TH,—*Poet's address on the celebration of his eightieth birthday*]

II

I should have thought that the decent Britisher would at least keep silent at these wrongs and be grateful to us for our inaction, but that he should add insult to injury and pour salt over our wounds passes all bounds of decency.

I have been deeply pained at Miss Rathbone's open letter to Indians. I do not know who Miss Rathbone is, but I take it that she represents the mentality of the average "well-intentioned" Britisher. Her letter is mainly addressed to Jawaharlal and I have no doubt that if that noble fighter of freedom's battle had not been gagged behind prison bars by Miss Rathbone's countrymen, he would have made a fitting and spirited reply to her gratuitous sermon. His enforced

silence makes it necessary for me to voice a protest even from my sick-bed.

The lady has ill-served the cause of her people by addressing so indiscreet, indeed impertinent, a challenge to our conscience.

She is scandalised at our ingratitude—that having "drunk deeply at the wells of English thought" we should still have some thought left for our poor country's interests. English thought, in so far as it is representative of the best traditions of Western enlightenment, had indeed taught us much, but let me add that those of our countrymen, who have profited by it, have done so despite the official British attempts to ill-educate us. We might have achieved introduction to Western learning through any other European language. Have :her peoples in the world waited ritish to bring them enlightenment

It is sheer insolent self-complacence on the part of our so-called English friends to assume that had they not "taught" us

we would still have remained in the dark ages.

Through the official British channels of education in India have flowed to our children in schools not the best of English thought but its refuse, which has only deprived them of a wholesome repast at the table of their own culture.

Assuming, however, that English language is the only channel left to us for "enlightenment," all that "drinking deeply at its wells" has come to is that in 1931, even after a couple of centuries of British administration, only about one per cent of the population was found to be literate in English. While in the U.S.S.R. in 1932, after only fifteen years of Soviet administration, 98 per cent of the children were educated. (These figures are taken from the *Statesman's* year-book, an English publication, not likely to err on the Russian side.)

But even more necessary than the so-called culture are the bare elementary needs of existence, on which alone can any

superstructure of enlightenment rest. And what have the British, who have held tight the purse-strings of our nation for more than two centuries and exploited its resources, done for our poor people ?

I look around and see famished bodies crying for bread. I have seen women in villages dig up mud for a few drops of drinking water, for wells are even more scarce in Indian villages than schools

I know that the population of England itself is to-day in danger of starvation and I sympathise with them, but when I see how the whole might of the British Navy is engaged in convoying food vessels to the English shores and when I recollect that I have seen our people perish of hunger and not even a cartload of rice brought to their door from the neighbouring district, I cannot help contrasting the British at home with the British in India.

Shall we then be grateful to the British if not for keeping us fed, at least for preserving law and order ?

I look around and see riots raging all over the country. When crores of Indian lives are lost, our property looted, our women dishonoured, the mighty British arms stir in no action. Only the British voice is raised from overseas to chide us for our unfitness to put our house in order

Examples are not wanting in history when even fully armed warriors have shrunk before superior might and contingencies have arisen in the present war when even the bravest among the British, French and Greek *soldiers have had to evacuate the* battle-field in Europe, because they were overwhelmed by superior armaments,—but when our poor, unarmed and helpless peasants, encumbered with crying babes, flee from homes unable to protect them from armed goondas, the British officials perhaps smile in contempt at our cowardice.

[SANTINIKETAN JUNE 4TH —*Poet's trenchant reply to Miss Rathbone's impertinent challenge to our conscience*]

Gurudev's passing away has left us all, who have grown up in the shadow of his towering genius and mighty personality and enveloped by his great tradition, forlorn and in the dark India's greatest star, illuminating not only our own country but the world with synthesis of the rich wisdom of the past and of the present, has set, and our hearts are empty Yet his voice rings in our ears and the flaming message of his recent utterances will be our guiding star In line with the great Indian sages of the past he has left us an imperishable inheritance and even at the moment of his passing away, we think with pride and gratitude the love and reverence of this magnificent life and its achievements That precious inheritance we shall treasure and I earnestly trust that every Indian will consider it his duty to help in the development and growth of Santiniketan and Visvabharati, which embody Gurudev's ideal.

Jawaharlal Nehru

PRINCE

" Do you expect to live many more years ?" asked Professor Edward Thompson some two decades back. "Eight, no, seven now I shall die at sixty-eight," replied the Poet smilingly. The Poet's own prediction was based on his horoscope But that was belied and the Poet lived up to a ripe age of eighty

Tagore saw the light on the 7th of May, 1861, in the princely family of Tagores, so intimately associated with the history of Indian Renaissance He was the youngest of the seven sons of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore The Maharshi was a unique personality combining in himself the refinement and culture of old aristocracy with keen insight, vast erudition and deep spiritual fervour. When Raja Rammohan Roy died prematurely in England in 1833 and when the newly-founded Brahma Samaj fell upon evil times, the Maharshi was attracted towards it by a stray leaf of *Ishopanishad* and dedicated himself to the cause. Maharshi was a profound thinker, a mystic poet and a writer of sublime prose He drew his inspiration from the Vedic literature, all the best things

coaches, he attended lectures of Professor Henry Morley at the University College, London. His reading was varied and extensive even from his boyhood He read whatever he liked and not a little of it did he translate. At the wish of his father, he translated portions of even Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, a favourite book of the latter. This habit of reading which was formed so early characterized all his life He urged to give the better part of his day to reading and writing and his day commenced long before the sunrise and was carried up to the midnight It is difficult to say if in India today there is another person who has read as much as intensively and with as much eager delight as he

POET

In one of the aphorisms of Chanakya it ha
said that a king is reverenced in his own c
but a man of learning is reverenced everywhe
for the "man of learning" we substitute the
of genius," the man of original creative powe
truth of Chanakya's aphorism will impress
more clearly. Of all human things the in
world endures the longest The first in order
the guide and teacher of humanity, men
Buddha and Christ The next are the poet
Homers and the Valmikis, the Shakespeares an
Kalidasas of literature For them there a
limitations Their appeal is to humanity as a
and they are admired and praised everywhere
pective of racial and national barriers Tag
glorious achievements as a man of letters
fervid patriotism mingled with his love for hum
at large, and his eminence in the form of p
made him a unique figure in contemporary worl

Tagore came from one of the most aristoc
families of Bengal, but in him more than
aristocracy of birth was the aristocracy of chara
of thought, of poetry and of philosophy. Whene

one went outside India, the name of Tagore was mentioned with the utmost possible respect and it added to their stature to know that they were the countrymen of Tagore. He was held in such high esteem all over the world

It was his peculiar good fortune that fame came to him during his lifetime with an amazing fulness and abundance of measure allied with the fulness of years He belonged to a race which had been subject to other races for several centuries and has even now no place in the Council of the Nations He wrote chiefly—though not wholly—in a language spoken and understood in only one province of India Yet with all these manifest disadvantages his fame reached the remotest corners of the world, while his works have been translated into almost all important languages in all continents

Tagore had made contributions to realms of thought, poetry and art which would be much more lasting monuments to his intellect, to his genius and to his character than any other monument that we might raise He wrote poetry because he had an urge for it and never did he write anything unless he had some message to give to his countrymen and to the world at large His poetry would take its place by the side of the best at any time in the history of the world. Naturally we felt proud of one who shed so much lustre on the name of India.

Tagore had the proud privilege of being born in a nest of singing birds His father was a poet. His brothers were also poets and scholars of

POET

In one of the aphorisms of Chanakya it
said that a king is reverenced in his own
but a man of learning is reverenced everyw
for the "man of learning" we substitute th
of genius," the man of original creative pov
truth of Chanakya's aphorism will impre
more clearly. Of all human things the
world endures the longest The first in orde
the guide and teacher of humanity, me
Buddha and Christ The next are the po
Homers and the Valmikis, the Shakespeares a
Kalidasas of literature For them there
limitations Their appeal is to humanity as a
and they are admired and praised everywher
pective of racial and national barriers. T
glorious achievements as a man of lette
fervid patriotism mingled with his love for hu
at large, and his eminence in the form of
made him a unique figure in contemporary wo

Tagore came from one of the most aristo
families of Bengal, but in him more tha
aristocracy of birth was the aristocracy
of thought, of poetry and of phi

they were seeking to their peculiar problems, the echo of their longings and hopes

In his younger years he was a great romantic figure. His poetry was ecstatic with the very lyric quality of his youth , the exuberant note of youth, the extravagance of youth was there. In his middle years the rapture was somewhat stilled and a graver note came into his music But in his later years, he returned to something of the old ecstasy , mellowed, grown richer, grown softer, yet none the less it was *something of the ecstasy of youth, for he lived with* young people, he drew inspiration from their laughter , he spoke with them and renewed his views , he spoke with them and renewed his dreams and what he gave to youth was a benediction and what he received from youth was an inspiration

"I remember him," says Mrs Sarojini Naidu, "at various stages of his life, various stages of my life When I was a very little girl in Hyderabad my mother used to sing in a rich *mezzo-soprano* voice , lyrics that moved me, though I did not understand the tongue in which she sang. 'It was a song of one Rabindranath Tagore,' she told me. 'Ravi Babu,' she said, 'was the idol of all Bengal' She told me that all men and all women sang the songs , the boatmen on the river, the peasants in the fields, the students in their schools, women at their household tasks, men doing the labours of men in cities and hamlets, towns and the hill-sides, in fields everywhere they sang the songs of Rabindranath Tagore. If they were glad, spontaneously his songs rose to their lips ; if they were sad, his songs were a

no mean order. In the long trips with his father
was frequently asked by the latter to sing devotio
songs, mostly composed by him and his el
sons. He possessed a rich vigorating voice wh
held everybody in thrall. One day he sang a n
song which received the praise of his father a
when asked about its authorship, humbly ackno
edged it to be his own composition.

On the anniversary of the Brahma Samaj t
Maharshi set the seal of his high approval by inclu
ing a large number of his hymns in the programm
and offering him a cheque, a reward which
regarded as more precious than all the prizes th
he was destined to win

Songs followed in quick succession on all concei
able subjects, a large part of them was devotional,
few on partiotic themes and revolutionary ideas an
quite a fair number on the ecstasy of love In th
latter part of the last century, few people appre
ciated his poetry, and it was no wonder It present
ed ideas with which our countrymen were no
familiar and in a tone far different from the well-
known. The poems were besides pervaded by a
spirit of non-confirmism, an irreverence for every-
thing that was traditional and accepted The old
people at once discovered in them a dangerous
germ of corruption But for all this, and particularly
for his mystic approach to the question of life and
love, he was hailed by his young admirers as the
Shelley of Bengal. In him the younger generation
found the voice of youth, the flame of the fire
which was burning in their heart, the answer which

they were seeking to their peculiar problems, the echo of their longings and hopes.

In his younger years he was a great romantic figure. His poetry was ecstatic with the very lyric quality of his youth, the exuberant note of youth, the extravagance of youth was there. In his middle years the rapture was somewhat stilled and a graver note came into his music. But in his later years, he returned to something of the old ecstasy, mellowed, grown richer, grown softer, yet none the less it was something of the ecstasy of youth, for he lived with young people, he drew inspiration from their laughter, he spoke with them and renewed his views, he spoke with them and renewed his dreams and what he gave to youth was a benediction and what he received from youth was an inspiration.

"I remember him," says Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, "at various stages of his life, various stages of my life. When I was a very little girl in Hyderabad my mother used to sing in a rich *mezzo-soprano* voice lyrics that moved me, though I did not understand the tongue in which she sang. 'It was a song of one Rabindranath Tagore,' she told me. 'Ravi Babu,' she said, 'was the idol of all Bengal.' She told me that all men and all women sang the songs; the boatmen on the river, the peasants in the fields, the students in their schools, women at their household tasks, men doing the labours of men in cities and hamlets, towns and the hill-sides, in fields everywhere they sang the songs of Rabindranath Tagore. If they were glad, spontaneously his songs rose to their lips; if they were sad, his songs were a

no mean order. In the long trips with his father, was frequently asked by the latter to sing devotio songs, mostly composed by him and his el sons. He possessed a rich vigorating voice wh held everybody in thrall. One day he sang a n song which received the praise of his father a when asked about its authorship, humbly acknov edged it to be his own composition.

On the anniversary of the Brahma Samaj tl Maharshi set the seal of his high approval by inclu ing a large number of his hymns in the programn and offering him a cheqůe, a reward which h regarded as more precious than all the prizes tha he was destined to win

*Songs followed in quick succession on all conceiv*able subjects, a large part of them was devotional, a few on partiotic themes and revolutionary ideas and quite a fair number on the ecstasy of love In the latter part of the last century, few people appreciated his poetry, and it was no wonder. It presented ideas with which our countrymen were not familiar and in a tone far different from the well-known. The poems were besides pervaded by a spirit of non-confirmism, an irreverence for everything that was traditional and accepted The old people at once discovered in them a dangerous germ of corruption *But for all this, and particularly* for his mystic approach to the question of life and love, he was hailed by his young admirers as the Shelley of Bengal. In him the younger generation found the voice of youth, the flame of the fire which was burning in their heart, the answer which

one of the two Indians known all over the world In almost every country at railway bookstalls we can find translations of *Gitanjali* It is acclaimed as few books of poetry had ever been acclaimed. One of the foremost scholars of the day, Professor Gilbert Murray, addressed to Tagore in 1934 a letter in which he began by acclaiming Tagore as the greatest poet of the age and one of the greatest thinkers of his generation That is the considered opinion of almost every thinker and scholar

There is no figure in the history of the world literature, barring the German poet Goethe, who can be compared with Tagore in the range of his accomplishments, achievements and the universality of his interests and spirit

Unlike Goethe, however, Tagore thought of his art as something integral with the life of his people, something that was intimately woven into the fabric of living to such an extent that the fulfilment of his literary message could only be achieved by the lighting of the lamps within Throughout his vast output of poetry, short stories and philosophy and miscellaneous writings, Tagore always came back to the ever-recurring refrain—refrain, it may be said, of the entire Indian culture—of the unity and the fulfilment of the human soul through the Divine.

These are not the days of religion These are the days of power—power of ruthlessness and destruction, but even they must pay homage to the ultimate end of all this fury and passion, namely peace and happiness of mankind Tagore, as everybody is aware, was a great musician and came from a family

sanctuary of his own heart. If [illegible] men need inst-
tion he instructed; if men needed to be rebuked
gentle fashion he rebuked them; and when
country was in distress, when his country
dreams of freedom from every form of bondage,
he held aloft the torch himself from which all e[illegible]
hearts caught their own torches."

The Nobel Prize for literature awarded to him in 1913 was merely an introduction to the literary world and since then he scaled the dazzling heights of fame with ease and his writings were eagerly read in both the old and the new worlds. He had been hailed as a sage and a teacher wherever he went and thousands hung spell bound upon his words wherever he spoke during his fairly frequent itineraries throughout the world.

It is difficult to decide which aspect of Tagore's varied work should be stressed on which quality of the man attention should be concentrated and which achievement of his should be especially mentioned. There is hardly a form of literature which he did not attempt and which he did not adorn. It is particularly as a lyric poet that he will be remembered. He made a very valuable contribution to Indian music and he was a great actor and painter. He was no mere dreamer of dreams. His constructive work shows that it is possible for a poet and a musician to do abiding work of very high character. There is no other centre of learning where at one time or other so many representatives of the cultures of the world were assembled as at Santiniketan. Tagore along with Mahatma Gandhi was

be put by the side of Rabindranath Tagore. His short plays, in particular, are masterpieces of eloquent and significant writing. The words seem to be uttered with unique intensity and concentrated passion. They seem to be charged with some inner significance.

"In the course of my travel all over the world," says Mrs. Naidu, "I found that the name of Tagore was the living symbol of India in every corner.

"I was passing one day through a hospital in Budapest—a surgical boarding it was, I think. Great many beds were lying there. People knew that I was coming and under every pillow a hand was put and a book was brought out and everybody said Tagore, Tagore and Tagore. The book was a new translation in Hungarian of one of Tagore's plays.

"One year I spent the winter in Scandinavia. You know that it is from Sweden that the Nobel Prize came to Tagore. So naturally Sweden was full of Tagore and the Swedish lady, who translated *Gitanjali* before England had heard of Tagore, was one of my hostesses. And, of course, everybody wanted to know about Tagore in Sweden. It was only when I passed on to Norway on the Norwegian mountain slopes where there were scattered farm-houses and where farm-houses were snow-bound during winter and where in those little solitary houses cattle were tending and for nearly six months there was nothing but darkness—it was there that I found farmers in families—peasants, living by provision for aeons throughout the winter in the collected works of Rabindranath.

"Passing through France, Germany and Italy I found that there was Tagore everywhere. In America and Canada they wanted to know about Tagore. In East Africa where savage tribes lived they knew that there was a man—a great god they thought he was—called Tagore He had reached the hearts of the primitive. There was no country in the world where they had not heard of Tagore Only a Passport Officer, apparently, in the frontiers in the U.S.A. and Canada had not heard of Tagore. Tagore's passport got mislaid and though people told the Passport Officer that it was Tagore, the Officer said that he wanted to see the passport He thought that Tagore was an old Jew He had not heard of Tagore but the rest of the civilized world knew Tagore

" I happened to be in England when *Gitanjali* was published My great friend, the great Irish poet of this generation, William Butler Yeats, was mad when he read *Gitanjali* in translation He absolutely went mad He thought there was the great message of hope for which the heart-sick and the soul-sick was so long waiting. When Tagore came to England in 1913, very beautiful with beard and locks and robe, the whole of cold England became warmed up in the sun of his song We saw spectacles, sometimes comic, but very sincere, of five old ladies sitting in a row in a bus and reading *Gitanjali.* Funny spectacles were witnessed in unexpected places

" But these were a great tribute to the great Indian who by his genius has exalted India like a star.

Everywhere verses were composed by the people showing how the people's minds had been exercised and influenced by this man I remember also one great occasion when Tagore was living in a suburb of England. He was seated in a room in the midst of English-speaking poets and American poets He sat there like Christ with a beautiful face and some of the poets thought, so wrongly of course, that everything that Tagore said and did had a mystic meaning Tagore got fed up but he had a great sense of humour."

Every poet likes fame, but sensible poets do not like foolish adulation Tagore was so much admired for his beauty, so much admired for his beard, so much admired for his locks, so much admired for putting his head up and putting his head down that he got fed up. He was eminently realistic, practical and common sensical

It is a mistake to think that poets live in the clouds Shelley has said that poets live on love and fame Quite true. But there is a fear of indigestion from too much love and fame. Tagore was suffering from terrible indigestion through too much love and fame but his sense of humour cured him of his indigestion

When Mr. Montague came to India, he paid a visit to Bengal. With him he had a Bengalee friend Mr. Montague heard beautiful music in a jungle. He rose up and found that a handful of peasants were sir [illegible] was curious to know who was the [illegible] what the song was about. [illegible] it?" They said, "We

PHILOSOPHER

Gone! For ever gone, the idol of millions for over half a century! Tagore was not only a great poet but also one of the greatest mystic thinkers of the East in modern times. His mysticism flows into poetry, his poetry bathes in mysticism.

"My poet's vanity dies in shame before Thy sight, O Master Poet, I have sat down at Thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for Thee to fill with music."

He was a poet who never dragged Muse down to the low level of sectarianism. He was a mystic who never lost touch with the world. He loved 'the beautiful dust of the earth.' He believed that he had come 'to the great fair of common human life.' From this point of view he represented a movement of thought, called Karma Yoga, which stresses an active life in this world as against the run-away philosophy of life preached in this country for over two thousand years.

More than one thinker during the last fifty years saw that the Indian mind was suffering from the disease of self-centredness, lethargy, false vanity and lack of social sense. Against this Vivekanand pro-

tested and founded the school of dynamic Veda
with his great conception of 'Darídra Narayai
God in the poor Against this also Tilak took
his cudgels and wrote his monumental comment
on the *Bhagavad Gita*, making therein a tremendo
effort to prove that the real message of the Gita w
activity and not inactivity Tagore sang his prote
against the proverbial Indian asceticism in his ov
inimitable way·

"Whom dost thou worship in this lonely da
corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thin
eyes and see thy God is not before thee

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the har
ground and where the path-maker is breaking stone
He is with them in sun and in shower, and his gar
ment is covered with dust Put off thy holy mantl
and even like him come down on the dusty soil."

But all this preaching touches only the symptoms and not the real disease Tilak and Vivekanand became conscious of the fact that something was fundamentally wrong with the Indian mind but they could not diagnose the disease because they were victims of it themselves The real malady of the Indian mind is its life-goal, the ideal of personal salvation, Nirvana or Moksha, which is two thousand years old and which seems to have affected the chromosomes. This life-goal does not allow a full-fledged interest in the world and its values and makes the mind unsocial and unnational.

Tagore alone, of all his contemporaries, questioned the life-goal, though he did not make the protest very emphatic. In one of his verses he says:

"Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever."

Those of us who sincerely feel that the hope of India lies in giving up the unfortunate goal of Nirvana will always remember the above verse and will give Tagore the first place among the contemporary social thinkers of India

PROPHET

What was significant of Rabindranath Tagore? The world is full of poets, the world is full of music, the world is full of beauty Why then was Rabindranath Tagore so adored, so loved and so worshipped by tens of thousands of human beings of the world? He was born in Bengal, all his traditions were in Bengal, all his heritage of mind and spirit lay in Bengal, all his poetry is filled with the landscape of Bengal, rivers of Bengal, the flowers of Bengal, the village life of Bengal, the heavy clouds of August that brood upon the rivers, everything is of his own country and yet he was a poet of the whole world. He wrote in a language known to few, but it became the language of the hearts of myriads of people What was the secret? What was his message? His secret was his heartfelt love for all humanity His message was the message of human service and human love

Sitting in his village home, sitting at the shadowed Himalayas sometimes, sitting in a boat and floating down a river listening to the song of the boatmen, sitting in his own Santiniketan, like a prophet amongst his followers, he listened to "the

still sad voice of humanity " and with his mystic eye he looked into the hearts of men and women, he understood the secret of their tears and the secret of their laughter From his own limited landscape he understood, he visualised, he pictured the entire varied landscape in the world and he knew as if by magic the secrets of all hearts. He lifted his voice and sang , and in this song was a laughter of all the brightness of the world He lowered his voice and sang and in those lower tones was all the anguish of human sorrow He lifted his eyes and saw the little children at play and his song tinkled , his song shone , his song echoed with the joy of childhood He heard the prayer of spirits agonising to find communion with the joy of childhood He heard the prayer of spirits agonising to find communion with the Invisible God The deep solemn tone of their agonising filled his song He looked upon the conflict of the world and his heart was pierced with sorrow, for the sorrow of the world He felt dew upon his feet, he felt the stars upon his head, he listened to the music of great rivers , he saw the sunset upon great mountains and all these were caught and crystallised with his magic words

He wandered up and down the world, noting, thinking, brooding and out of all his experience, out of all his vision, he wove a great panorama of experience for himself He read the ancient scriptures, the ancient philosophy of his country, he made a comparative study of the scripture texts, the books of literature, of arts of all other countries , and his heart made a great affirmation through his reading

and his thinking, his travelling and experience, a great affirmation of the unity of all mankind

When he went to Euorpe, not the first time or the second time, but in 1913, that great epo making year for the world as well as for hims when he went with his *Gitanjali* in his ha when the great Irish poet Yeats, filled w rapture for his revelation of the spiritual, sto sponsor for the genius of Tagore to the world remember with a thrill the reaction of Europe to t genius of Tagore *Gitanjali* was the message peace and tranquillity for which a fevered world w waiting and from one end of Europe to another, tl name of Tagore became a beacon and banner Me and women looked to him for a new life, ne courage, new hope They were torn with fear an doubt They appreciated his knowledge of th things that were to come to Europe

Very shortly, because, after all, it was a yea after the publishing of the *Gitanjali* that th Great War in Europe took place, he felt they needec something to comfort them beforehand, something to give them strength in anticipation of that time of tragedy which somehow instinctively they foreshadowed in their lives. And Tagore with his beautiful flowing robes, Tagore with his beautiful flowing locks, Tagore with his beautiful flowing beard became a figure of romance, became a figure of every kind of fascination to which the hearts of old and young responded England, usually so shy of expressing emotion, England, usually so reserved, so little ready to accord enthusi-

astic reception especially to foreigners, went almost mad over Tagore

When he went to Scandinavia, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, France, Germany, America, Canada, South America, to all the countries of the world, he was the prophet of a new vision Here was the wise man from the East, the wise man bringing a new message, the wise man bringing a new vision and a new version of life, and he talked to them of the spiritual riches of his country and he went out as the great ambassador of his country It is said he was a mystic. Perhaps he was a mystic—all poets are mystics, all Indians are mystic, but people forget that besides his grave and lovely mysticism he was really a man of humour and humanity He played with children as one of them He flirted with beauty because all poets are perennial lovers of beauty, and he sat with old men wisely stroking his beard and talking with them deep truths of life and death, and re-birth and re-death and wherever he went men followed him saying What vision of beauty is this? In a drab world, what is this radiant figure? Is he a priest, is he a prophet, is he a seer?

PATRIOT

"There have been few personalities who have inspired our countrymen with the spirit of nationalism as Tagore had done. Although dead he still speaks and will continue to speak for cenutries," says Dr Khan Sahib.

We honour according to our temperament whatever we think supreme in Tagore. Poets know his poetry, musicians his music, nationalists his patriotism, artists his great personality, statesmen of the world his internationalism. Seers and foretellers of tomorrow's destiny saw in him a supreme prophet who had the forevision of a glorious country and the brotherhood of an emancipated world Each of us honour him according to what we think highest in his life.

When all is said and done of the artist in him, of the poet in him, of the philosopher in him, of the internationalist in him, of the world prophet in him —whatever it may be—it must be remembered that he was after all the sun The sun has many rays and reaches every corner. It shines upon the just and it shines upon the unjust. It gives warmth and life to the *seeds buried in the heart. It illuminates*

the world. It gives comfort and solace to the aged lives shivering in cold winter It gives hope and courage. It is the symbol of all dreams and visions, of all creative forces It is the sun.

It may be asserted without any fear of exaggeration that no other writer had so large a measure of appreciation in his own lifetime Honours were showered upon him from all quarters Perhaps he was the only literary man who discarded a knighthood after accepting it, this act of renunciation is not only a testimony of his pure and unostentatious patriot but of his sturdy independence of outlook and naturally it heightened his fame.

To Tagore politics in the sense in which that term is generally used and understood had no particular fascination, he very rarely, if ever, participated in any active political controversy But if we take politics in its human and not in its professional connotation, he was undoubtedly one of the most potent political forces of Modern Bengal and Modern India. His intense love for his country and her people and his deep appreciation of sympathy with her ancient civilization breathes through almost every line of his writings He never failed to protest in burning words against the wrongs done to his people, such as, for example, when he condemned the Jallianwala Bagh outrages of 1919 or the treatment meted out to Indian settlers in Canada as a protest against which he refused to visit that country or when he condemned the Communal Award at a public meeting held in Calcutta in July, 1936, or more recently when he gave the most trenchant

rejoinder to Miss Eleanor Rathbone's so-called appeal to Indians

"I have been deeply pained," he says, "at Miss Rathbone's open letter to Indians. Her letter is mainly addressed to Jawaharlal and I have no doubt that if that noble fighter of freedom's battle had not been gagged behind prison bars by Miss Rathbone's countrymen, he would have made a fitting and spirited reply to her gratuitous sermon

"The lady has ill-served the cause of her people by addressing so indiscreet, indeed impertinent, a challenge to our conscience.

"It is sheer insolent self-complacence on the part of our so-called English friends to assume that had they not 'taught' us we would still have remained in the dark ages

"Through the official British channels of education in India have flowed to our children in schools not the best of English thought but its refuse, which has only deprived them of a wholesome repast at the table of their own culture

"I look around and see famished bodies crying for bread I have seen women in villages dig up mud for a few drops of drinking water, for wells are even more scarce in Indian villages than schools

"I look around and see riots raging all over the country When crores of Indian lives are lost, our property looted, our women dishonoured, the mighty British arms stir in no action. Only the British voice is raised from overseas to chide us for our unfitness

Thus while not participating in active day-to-day politics he brought the distinctive political philosophy which he cultivated to bear on the examination of the Indian problems from time to time and on all such occasions when he spoke on the wrongs done to India and Indians or demanded some rights or other for the country, it was as if it was the voice of India herself that was speaking His representative character on these occasions had been acknowledged by no less a person than Mahatma Gandhi himself, between whom and the Poet there existed a genuine and sincere bond of mutual love, reverence and affection

When he saw that Europe had become the sick-man of the world, for hatred was growing instead of true democracy, he did not hesitate to rebuke the ruthlessness and commercialism present in the modern politics of Europe

"When I emerged in the stark light of bare facts," he says, "the sight of dire poverty of the Indian masses rent my heart. I then began to realise that perhaps in no other modern state had there been such hopeless dearth of the most elementary needs of existence. How could I help thinking that it was India that had kept replenishing the coffers of the British people? Such travesty of the human ideal, such aberration in the mentality of the so-called civilized races, such criminal and contemptuous indifference to the crores of helpless Indian people—I could never have imagined.

"The blackest of evils that had come in the wake of British administration was much more than

the rulers' neglect and apathy to provide the minimum amenities of civilized existence.

"It is now no longer possible for us to retain any respect for the mockery of civilization, which believes in ruling by force and has no faith in freedom at all

"I had one time believed that the springs of civilization would issue out of the heart of Europe, but today when I am about to quit the world that stubborn faith has gone bankrupt altogether. Today my one last hope is that the deliverer will be born in this poverty-stricken country and from the East his divine message will go forth to the world at large and fill the heart of man with boundless hope As I proceed onward I look behind to see the crumbling ruins of civilization strewn like a vast dung-heap of futility. And I shall not commit the grievous sin of losing faith in man. I would rather look forward to the opening of a new chapter in this history after the cataclysm is over and the atmosphere rendered clean with the spirit of service and sacrifice Perhaps that dawn will come from this horizon from the East where the sun rises. Another day will come when the unvanquished man will retrace his path of glory, despite all barriers, to win back his lost human heritage."

Now, Tagore is nowhere among us, Tagore has left us, his words we still hear They bring solace to our sick and weary heart, they give strength to our faint and flickering faith

"I am greatly grieved," says Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, "by the death of Dr Rabindranath

Tagore The aged sage is no more The world cannot hear his noble instructive voice again Especially Eastern civilization has lost a great teacher I feel really mournful when I look at the sky above the south neighbour country"

"Sir William Rothenstein's portrait of Dr Tagore," suggests Mr Bernard Shaw in an exclusive interview, "should be hung in one of the British public libraries"

"Gurudev's soul is immortal and he lives though dead Gurudev longed to serve the world through India and breathed his last while doing so His experiment is unfinished His mortal remains are no more but his soul is immortal like ours. Taken in this sense none perishes or dies. None is born Gurudev lives significantly. His tendencies were universal, mostly heavenly through which he will be immortal Santiniketan, Sriniketan and Visvabharati—*all these are manifestations of his action* They were his soul for which Deenabandhu Andrews left his world, followed by Gurudev. Our true homage should be to maintain these institutions which he is watching from wherever he may be," says Mahatma Gandhi.

BID ME FAREWELL

(Last Poem - Last Article - Last Song - Last Message)

I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers! I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door — and I give up all claims to my house. I only ask for last kind words from you.

We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give. Now the day has dawned and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out. A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.

Rabindranath Tagore

SORROW'S DARK NIGHT

[*Poet's Last Poem on Death*]

Sorrow's dark night, again and again,
Has come to my door
Its only weapon I saw,
Was pain's twisted brow, fear's hideous gestures
Preluding its deception in darkness.
Whenever I have believed in its mask of dread,
Fruitless defeat has followed.
This game of defeat and victory is life's delusion ;
From childhood, at each step, clings this spectre
Filled with sorrow's mockery.
A moving screen of varied fears—
Death's skilful handiwork wrought in scattered gloom.

the paths of a smooth existence. The grace and elixir of life, so abundant for so long, falls withered on the parched ground in desperate weariness. *Then from the temple* altars of earth resounds a cruel mantra—"make conquest—for so mayst thou win *pleasure.*" *Violence stands forth with* drawn sword among the ordered ways of love. It tests them without mercy. In this strife of values everything is broken, scattered, torn to shreds. To things built up with painstaking care it shows no respect, but tramples them wantonly under foot. Its victims who suffer and are deceived are loud in their reproaches and curses, yet the moment they get the opportunity they themselves begin to sharpen their weapons in greed of plunder.

So the mind must needs question—what is the true purpose of this great order of *creation ? Is the end of its dervish dance of* violence merely the ashes of the mighty funeral pyre on some blood-stained *field of* Kurukshetra ? *We read in history of the*

coming of Tartars, Pathans, Moguls, each claiming to raise their victorious standard to the highest point of human glory With shouts of triumph they proclaimed nothing above themselves. But where are they today, and to what does that victorious standard witness as it lies in the dust ?

There is no finality in violence—men *have seen that again and again.*

Today also we see all around us its terrible play of destruction. Where is the end ? We know indeed that the end is death, but must it be such a loathsome death as this ? The great of many lands have taught us of the nature of ultimate truth, and each of us has placed his faith where his own inclination led. Yet after them the chariot wheels of time have rumbled on, drowning the sound of those mantras, and crushing peace and beauty from their path to reveal violence in all its varied ugliness. If this is the final purpose of creation, in what uncreated emptiness is man's imagination to seek its heaven. For that heaven beckons us

on, somewhere, to the ways of peace. And the question that haunts the mind continually in these days of universal cataclysm is—will mankind anywhere succeed in actualising the truth of that ideal? The answer wanders lamenting still in the void. But the structure of human life can never be built on the negative supposition that there is no answer. The ideal exists somewhere, and from it all that it derives its existence. Without it, all would have melted into nothingness at the beginning of the ages.

Meanwhile, at dead of night rain has been falling in the sal-groves, and I awake in the morning to the rich comradeship of the malati with the red dawn. My red cow, her sleek body glossy in the morning sunlight, wanders at leisure to crop her store of tender grass shoots. There is no dissension in the current of this beauty, the roar of the cannon cannot overcome it. Thus by many silent voices does not returning season whisper its message of faith at the poet's door.

O PILOT OF MY LIFE

[In the neighbourhood of the two chhatim trees on the grounds of Santiniketan, near the Maharshi's customary seat of meditation, the sradha *ceremony of Rabindranath Tagore was performed in accordance with the Poet's wishes. The inmates of Santiniketan and Sriniketan paid their homage to the memory of their revered "Gurudeva"*

Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Vidhusekhara Sastri and Pandit Kshitimohan Sen, who acted as the priests on the occasion, accompanied Shri Rathindranath Tagore, the Poet's son, followed by Shri Subir Tagore and a large number of students, in white robes and carrying flower-offerings, as he walked from the Mandir to the place of ceremony.

The ceremony opened with this song which the Poet had particularly desired should be sung on the occasion]

O Pilot of my life,
Cast loose the moorings

O! this frail vessel,
For before me
Lies the vast ocean of peace.

Comrade of mine for ever.
Take me and hold me close.
The lodestar will shed
Its steadfast glow
On the never-ending path to eternity.

O Saviour,
Your mercy and forgiveness
Are the inexhaustible wealth
On which I draw
For this my last journey.

May the bonds of mortality melt away.
May the vast universe take me in its arms,
And may it be given me
Fearlessly to stand face to face
Before the Great Unknown.

THY PRESENCE

[*The* sradha *ceremony came to a close with the Poet's most favourite song*]

Far as I gaze at the depth of Thy immensity
I find no trace there of sorrow or death or separation.
Death assumes its aspect of terror
And sorrow its pain.
Only when, away from Thee,
I turn my face towards my own dark self.
Thou all perfect, everything abides at Thy feet
For [illegible]
[illegible] only [illegible]

A MESSAGE

ıst Message of the Sage of Santınıketan to the Socıety, London]

'he faılure of humanıty ın the West to ve the worth of civılisatıon and dıgnıty .n which they had taken centurıes to up, weıghs lıke a nightmare on my

It seems clear to me that thıs faılure e to men's repudıatıon of moral values : guıdance of theır natıonal affaırs and eir belıef, that everythıng ıs determined ıe mere physıcal chaın of events. The experıment ın thıs dıabolıcal faıth was :hed in Manchukuo. Those who buılt power on moral cynıcısm are themselves :ng its victıms. The nemesıs ıs daıly ing more ruthless.

TAGORE'S MESSAGE

(A Thrilling Message to Modern Civilization)

Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand
before the proudest and the powerful
With your white robe of simpleness

Let your crown be of humility, your
freedom the freedom of the Soul.

Build God's throne, daily upon the ample
bareness of your poverty

And know that what is huge is not great
and pride is not everlasting

Rabindranath Tagore

There have been few more fascinating figures among contemporary Indians than Dr Rabindranath Tagore. Philosopher and poet, he is at once an inspiration and a challenge The calm, beautiful face, with its dark, brooding eyes, speak of that peace of achievement, and the "realization of life," which is the soul of his teaching

Without any of the fierce denunciations so characteristic of the Western prophets, he quietly lays his finger on the vulnerable spots of our modern civilization and says, "Thou ailest here—and here." Often we realize that he holds for us those vital secrets of life, which generally elude our grasp, and apart from which our modern world, with all its developments, has not been able to make real progress.

"Not only to acquire," he would say, "is life's secret, but to realize."

We rush from acquisition to acquisition. We prosecute a horizontal quest. The lure of the

horizon calls us to a life composed mainly of eating, working, talking and travelling. We never rest. We live extensively, but seldom intensively. We are missing the highest life in what Wordsworth called the "getting and spending" business. And this Star of the East would guide our tired feet into the paths of peace. In a way unguessed by Matthew Arnold, we are to lose our misery and wild unrest by finding ourselves.

Tagore defines the aim of the forest-dwelling sage of India, "not as an attempt to acquire but to realize, to enlarge his consciousness by growing with and growing into his surroundings." The modern civilization, on the other hand, seems to think only of subduing Nature, and wresting from her unwilling arms the treasures after which we lust. A return to Nature will, therefore, bring us into touch with that soul-side of the Universe which is one with our souls.

The sentiment which finds expression in such familiar phrases as "the right to be oneself," "the right to call one's soul one's own," are given a quite different interpretation by Tagore, from that familiar to us. "Living one's own life in truth," he says, "is living the life of all the world." In the deeps of personality is the common-soul of the Universe.

True Knowledge he would say, is

> *" To see one changeless Life in all that Lives,*
> *And in the Separate, One Inseparable "*
>
> (The Bhagavad Gita)

This fundamental belief in unity leads naturally to the belief that all things about us—the springing corn, the changing face of skies, the bird, and the child—are but different forms of the One Inseparable. That unity is never broken. Death itself is powerless to create a chasm in the field of reality. Our appearance and disappearance are on the surface like waves of the sea, but life which is permanent knows no decay or diminution.

A new meaning is given to life and history when we are able to catch a glimpse through all the changing events of a purpose working to an end.

According to Tagore, history is just the story of man on his pilgrimage through the shadow-haunted generations seeking to find his real Self. "Man's history," he says, "is the history of his journey to the unknown in quest of the realization of his immortal self—his soul. Through the rise and fall of empires, through the building up of gigantic piles of wealth and the ruthless scattering of them upon the dust, through the creation of vast bodies of symbols that give shape to his dreams and aspirations, and the casting of them away like the playthings of an

horizon calls us to a life composed mainly of working, talking and travelling. We ne We live extensively, but seldom intensiv are missing the highest life in what Wo called the "getting and spending" And this Star of the East would gu tired feet into the paths of peace. way unguessed by Matthew Arnold, we lose our misery and wild unrest by ourselves.

Tagore defines the aim of the forest- sage of India, "not as an attempt to acquire realize, to enlarge his consciousness by grow and growing into his surroundings." The civilization, on the other hand, seems to thi of subduing Nature, and wresting from her ing arms the treasures after which we l return to Nature will, therefore, bring us into with that soul-side of the Universe which with our souls

The sentiment which finds expression in familiar phrases as "the right to be oneself," right to call one's soul one's own," are given a different interpretation by Tagore, from familiar to us. "Living one's own life in t he says, "is living the life of all the world the deeps of personality is the common-soul

True Knowledge he would say, is

> "*To see one changeless Life in all that Lives,*
> *And in the Separate, One Inseparable.*"
>
> **(The Bhagavad Gita)**

This fundamental belief in unity leads naturally to the belief that all things about us—the springing corn, the changing face of skies, the bird, and the child—are but different forms of the One Inseparable. That unity is never broken Death itself is powerless to create a chasm in the field of reality. Our appearance and disappearance are on the surface like waves of the sea, but life which is permanent knows no decay or diminution.

A new meaning is given to life and history when we are able to catch a glimpse through all the changing events of a purpose working to an end.

According to Tagore, history is just the story of man on his pilgrimage through the shadow-haunted generations seeking to find his real Self "Man's history," he says, "is the history of his journey to the unknown in quest of the realization of his immortal self—his soul. Through the rise and fall of empires, through the building up of gigantic piles of wealth and the ruthless scattering of them upon the dust, through the creation of vast bodies of symbols that give shape to his dreams and aspirations, and
e playthings of an

horizon calls us to a life composed mainly
working, talking and travelling We ne
We live extensively, but seldom intensiv
are missing the highest life in what Wo
called the "getting and spending"
And this Star of the East would gu
tired feet into the paths of peace.
way unguessed by Matthew Arnold, we
lose our misery and wild unrest by
ourselves.

Tagore defines the aim of the forest-
sage of India, "not as an attempt to acquire
realize, to enlarge his consciousness by grow
and growing into his surroundings." The
civilization, on the other hand, seems to thi
of subduing Nature, and wresting from her
ing arms the treasures after which we l
return to Nature will, therefore, bring us into
with that soul-side of the Universe which
with our souls

The sentiment which finds expression in
familiar phrases as "the right to be oneself,"
right to call one's soul one's own," are given a
different interpretation by Tagore, from
familiar to us. "Living one's own life
he says, "is living the life of all the
the deeps of personality is the
Universe.

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and [illegible] inevitably come to their "last phase"

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy, through his forging of magic ke with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, a through his throwing away of this labour of ages go back to his workshop and work afresh in so new form; yes, through it all man is marching fro epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of h soul—the soul which is greater than the things ma accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theori he builds; the soul whose onward course is neve checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the On which is in him, which is his truth, which is h soul; the key with which he opens the gate of th spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the mor harmonious our lives become To achieve this unit with the Supreme One, we may have to journey lon and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er w roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs Tagore says.

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long.

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam o light, and pursued my voyage through the wilder-nesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a sta and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes; there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy, through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of the labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh at some new form, yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realisation of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds, the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him, which is his truth, which is his soul, the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life.

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says:

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long.

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy; through his forging of magic
with which to unlock the mysteries of creation,
through his throwing away of this labour of age
go back to his workshop and work afresh in s
new form, yes, through it all man is marching f
epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of
soul—the soul which is greater than the things
accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theo
he builds; the soul whose onward course is ne
checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the
which is in him, which is his truth, which is
soul, the key with which he opens the gate of
spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the m
harmonious our lives become To achieve this u
with the Supreme One, we may have to journey l
and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er
roam In one of the most beautiful of his son
Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long a
the way of it is long.

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam
light, and pursued my voyage through the wild
nesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a st
and planet.

"It is the most distant course that com
nearest to thyself, and that training is the m

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes; there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy, through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh in some new form, yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things he accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds, the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the one which is in him, which is his truth, which is his soul, the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life.

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this union with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs Tagore says:

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long.

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to *the utter simplicity* of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock *upon which every Armada crashes; there* are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the *waves of selfishness dash themselves into* mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy, through his forging of magi[cut]
with which to unlock the mysteries of creatio[cut]
through his throwing away of this labour of a[cut]
go back to his workshop and work afresh in [cut]
new form, yes, through it all man is marching [cut]
epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization [cut]
soul—the soul which is greater than the things [cut]
accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the th[cut]
he builds, the soul whose onward course is [cut]
checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the [cut]
which is in him: which is his truth, which i[cut]
soul, the key with which he opens the gate o[cut]
spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the [cut]
harmonious our lives become. To achieve this [cut]
with the Supreme One, we may have to journey [cut]
and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er [cut]
roam In one of the most beautiful of his so[cut]
Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long [cut]
the way of it is long.

"I came out on the chariot of the first glea[cut]
light, and pursued my voyage through the wil[cut]
nesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a [cut]
and planet.

"It is the most distant course that co[cut]
nearest to thyself, and that training is the m[cut]

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes; there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy; through his forging of magic with which to unlock the mysteries of creation through his throwing away of this labour of ag go back to his workshop and work afresh in new form, yes, through it all man is marching epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of soul—the soul which is greater than the things accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the the he builds, the soul whose onward course is checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the which is in him, which is his truth, which is soul, the key with which he opens the gate of spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the harmonious our lives become. To achieve this with the Supreme One, we may have to journey and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er roam In one of the most beautiful of his so Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long the way of it is long

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam light, and pursued my voyage through the wild nesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a and planet.

"It is the most distant course that co nearest to thyself, and that training is the m

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The *path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations*, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy; through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh in some new form, yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds; the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him, which is his truth, which is his soul; the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says.

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy; through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh in some new form, yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds, the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him; which is his truth, which is his soul; the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy; through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh in some new form, yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds, the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him, which is his truth, which is his soul, the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy, through his longing of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh in some new form, yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realisation of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him which is his truth, which is his soul; the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"*The traveller has to knock at every alien door* to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the *Greater Self*. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes; there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy, through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh in some new form; yet, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds; the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him; which is his truth, which is his soul; the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life.

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says:

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long.

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy: through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh in some new form, yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realization of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds, the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him, which is his truth, which is his soul, the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a *tune*.

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it *within* the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy, through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh to some new form, yet, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realisation of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds, the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him which is his truth, which is his soul, the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long.

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

intricate which leads to the utter simplicity of a tune

"The traveller has to knock at every alien door to come to his own, and one has to wander through all the outer worlds to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

"My eyes strayed far and wide before I shut them and said, 'Here art thou!'"

Does not this shed light upon many of the problems which perplex multitudes of people to-day? The conflicts between the nations, the inhumanity of man, the clash of wills, the inequalities, all show us men and women at varying stages of soul-growth and development. Very few have, as yet, attained to that harmony which results from losing their small selves in the whole and finding thus the Greater Self. All the tragedy of world-history lies in that pride of personality, which, spurning the whole, tries to run a separate course of its own. The path of the Past is strewn with wrecked nations, institutions, and religions which ignored the tendency of the great world-force, and tried to imprison it within the area of their own particular use. There is a rock upon which every Armada crashes, there are mystic sands, fixed by the laws of Heaven, against which the waves of selfishness dash themselves into mere spray. The Sennacheribs, the Neros and Napoleons inevitably come to their "last phase"

outworn infancy, through his forging of magic keys with which to unlock the mysteries of creation, and through his throwing away of this labour of ages to go back to his workshop and work afresh in some new form, yes, through it all man is marching from epoch to epoch towards the fullest realisation of his soul—the soul which is greater than the things man accumulates, the deeds he accomplishes, the theories he builds the soul whose onward course is never checked by death or dissolution."

This is the ultimate end of man, to find the One which is in him which is his truth, which is his soul, the key with which he opens the gate of the spiritual life

The nearer we approach our real selves the more harmonious our lives become. To achieve this unity with the Supreme One, we may have to journey long and far, but the end is sure, how wide soe'er we roam. In one of the most beautiful of his songs, Tagore says

"The time that my journey takes is long and the way of it is long

"I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet.

"It is the most distant course that comes nearest to thyself, and that training is the most

whom all material things are diaphanous to the divine presence

In the light of this interpretation, the universe as well as man is transformed. To try and escape from the world is as truly suicidal as to seek escape from ourselves The universe has it soul-side which is one with our soul-side, and our love of life is a healthy instinct, and is really our wish to continue our relation with the great world. How foolish, then, is that imagined superiority on the part of man, which leads him to speak of the "lower creation," or to shut the world out as something which must be regarded as the enemy of the soul "The stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers." No, the world is not less than ourselves in soul-quality. The flowers and the stars hold our eyes to theirs because we are both rooted and grounded in the same great Whole.

The Apostle Paul glimpsed the idea of the tragedy resulting from separateness when he spoke of the groaning and travailing creation, waiting in expectancy for the revealing of the sons of God who will merge the schism and strife and contradiction of

because all the laws of the universe are set against monopolists "However powerful a King may be, he cannot raise his standard of rebellion against the infinite strength which is unity, and yet remain powerful. . . . It is the end of self to seek that union It must bend its head low in love and meekness and take its stand where great and small all meet. It has to gain by its loss and rise by its surrender"

One path to the realization of the Self is Love It is the way God Himself takes. In creation God realizes Himself "God so loved . . that He gave", and in the far-flung pageant of earth and sea and sky and human life, we see the gifts of this love

Love is the ultimate meaning of everything around us It is not mere sentiment; it is truth. And he that has not love in his heart misses the essential meaning locked in the wayside flower and displayed in a sunset sky or a night of stars Love puts a man in touch with the invisible reality of which all material things are but sign and symbol, and through the avenues of physical sight the lover goes on and finds insight. Through all that the ear can hear, and the hand touch, he passes into that real world that is so very near to us all if we but realized it, where beneath the ephemeral the soul finds the eternal Love is not blind . love is the true sight, to

whom all material things are diaphanous to the divine presence

In the light of this interpretation, the universe as well as man is transformed. To try and escape from the world is as truly suicidal as to seek escape from ourselves The universe has it soul-side which is one with our soul-side, and our love of life is a healthy instinct, and is really our wish to continue our relation with the great world. How foolish, then, is that imagined superiority on the part of man, which leads him to speak of the "lower creation," or to shut the world out as something which must be regarded as the enemy of the soul "The stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measures. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers" No, the world is not less than ourselves in soul-quality. The flowers and the stars hold our eyes to theirs because we are both rooted and grounded in the same great Whole

The Apostle Paul glimpsed the idea of the tragedy resulting from separateness when he spoke of the groaning and travailing creation, waiting in expectancy for the revealing of the sons of God who will merge the schism and strife and contradiction of

because all the laws of the universe are set agains monopolists "However powerful a King may be he cannot raise his standard of rebellion agains the infinite strength which is unity, and yet remain powerful. .. It is the end of self to seek that union It must bend its head low in love and meekness and take its stand where great and small all meet It has to gain by its loss and rise by its surrender"

One path to the realization of the Self is Love It is the way God Himself takes. In creation God realizes Himself "God so loved . . . that He gave", and in the far-flung pageant of earth and sea and sky and human life, we see the gifts of this love

Love is the ultimate meaning of everything around us It is not mere sentiment; it is truth. And he that has not love in his heart misses the essential meaning locked in the wayside flower and displayed in a sunset sky or a night of stars Love puts a man in touch with the invisible reality of which all material things are but sign and symbol, and through the avenues of physical sight the lover goes on and finds insight. Through all that the ear can hear, and the hand touch, he passes into that real world that is so very near to us all if we but realized it, where beneath the ephemeral the soul finds the eternal Love is not blind : love is the true sight, to

things. To discover the presence of the Divine activity in the growing corn and wool would make it impossible for men to selfishly exploit these things for sordid gain and private profit. To make a "corner" in cotton would be regarded as sacrilegious as trying to "corner" the sunlight or the starshine

Tagore also preaches the gospel of true freedom. His condemnation of our modern freedoms would be that they have simply delivered us into fresh servitudes We have conquered the air, but we live in fear of those "airy navies" raining down upon us a ghastly dew of death We have conquered Space and Time, but we have become the slaves of speed, and world-weariness is written on the face of our present-day civilization. We boast that we have banished fear from the universe, but all modern nations live in fear of each other, and are armed to the teeth for working each other's annihilation. The light of knowledge has dispelled the darkness of superstition! Has it? True, we no longer dread the fabled monsters of the deep, but we live in terror of human sharks and submarines. We speak of our religious freedom, but we are in servitude to our own cramping creeds and parochial beliefs. Our religious denominations, which might be the variegated expression of the Universal Life, are too often guarded domains of isolated thought, islands of

existence in the tides of the all-embracing unity of Love

We have not reached the highest message Tagore has for the modern mind, until we have considered his mystic consciousness of God.

How poor and inadequate seem all the abstractions and metaphysics of the Western thinkers before the calm certainty of this man who finds God wherever the peasant tills the hard ground or the pathmaker is breaking stones or clearing the entangled forest. Nothing must hedge us off from this common human life We must "leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads," and open the door of the darkened temple and find our Unseen Friend wherever we can touch a human hand or look into human eyes His "silent steps" are heard in the forest paths, and "the golden touch of His feet" is in the light of the dawn and the joy of our hearts.

As the Old Testament psalmist proclaimed the folly of attempting to *escape* God by fleeing from the world on the wings of the morning, so Tagore proclaims the folly of trying to *reach* God by flying from the world. We are not to become ascetics. We must have the courage to say. "God is in this very spot and here at this very moment."

What an enormous lift would be given to our modern life could we get men and women to realize the sacramental nature of what we call common

things. To discover the presence of the Divine activity in the growing corn and wool would make it impossible for men to selfishly exploit these things for sordid gain and private profit. To make a "corner" in cotton would be regarded as sacrilegious as trying to "corner" the sunlight or the starshine.

Tagore also preaches the gospel of true freedom. His condemnation of our modern freedoms would be that they have simply delivered us into fresh servitudes. We have conquered the air, but we live in fear of those "airy navies" raining down upon us a ghastly dew of death. We have conquered Space and Time, but we have become the slaves of speed, and world-weariness is written on the face of our present-day civilization. We boast that we have banished fear from the universe, but all modern nations live in fear of each other, and are armed to the teeth for working each other's annihilation. The light of knowledge has dispelled the darkness of superstition! Has it? True, we no longer dread the fabled monsters of the deep, but we live in

We speak

to

Our

of

prejudice sundered by seas of misunderstanding This narrowness of thought and aim is robbing us of the real joy of religion and excluding from us that rich world-life, whose strong and beautiful current might flow through our souls, bringing the scent of many flowers, the murmur of many woodlands, and the light of many skies to enrich our poor narrow gardens

Some day we may awaken to the wisdom of letting our souls have freedom from those cages of creed in which for so long they have been "cribbed, cabined and confined," and allow them to rise and stretch their wings in their native air, and beat a joyous way through the boundless blue

To Tagore the Coming of Death is simply an event in the wonderful journey of life. Life has been good . every dawn has unfolded some fresh surprise : and who shall say that our passing behind the barriers of the moments and years may not be to experience the grandest surprise of all. And when the cycle of births and deaths has taught us all we need to learn · when we have passed through the " many mansions " of the Father's House : when in the shadowed garden of sorrow we have been the rainbow of beauty born out of the storm, and the stars that shine eternal behind the cloud-wrack : when in the house of joy we have found the pearl of great price hidden in the wine of

gladness : when in the vast sounding-house of labour we have found at last, that all work must be accomplished joyously : when the fire of the workshop is transformed into the lamps of a festival, and the noise of the factory is heard like music, and the common tasks are performed with the same joy of creatorship which the poet finds in his poem, the artist in his art, and the brave man in his courage—then we shall have garnered all the experience necessary, and won from life the secret hidden in the great scheme of things by the All-Loving, and be ready for union with the Ocean and Source of all

HEART OF TAGORE

(An Overflowing Stream of Poet's Thoughts)

my thoughts come to you, when I am
ke the afterglow of sunset at the margin of
... ry silence

Rabindranath Tagore

Beauty

O Beauty, find thyself in love, not in the flattery of the mirror

The stream which comes from the infinite and flows towards the finite—that is the Truth, the Good Its echo, which returns to the infinite, is Beauty and joy

Beauty is truth's smile when she beholds her own face in a perfect mirror

We cannot see Beauty till we let go our hold of it

Death

The child finds its mother when it leaves her womb When I am passed from you, I am free to see your face

One word keep for me in thy silence O World when I am dead, 'I have loved'

I have a letter from my beloved in this letter is an unutterable message, and now my fear of death is done away

The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation

Faith

Faith is a spiritual organ of sight which enables us instinctively to realize the vision of wholeness when in fact we only see the parts

My faith in truth, my vision of the perfect, help thee, Master, in thy creation

Faith is the bird that feels the light and sings when the dawn is still dark

Fate

I cannot choose the best
The best chooses me

God

We truly meet God when we come to him with *our offerings, and not with our wants*

Man's faith in God has built up all that is great in the human world

Your speech is simple, my Master, but not of theirs who talk of you.

The Lord is in me, the Lord is in you, as life is in every seed.

This One in me knows the universe of the many

God finds himself by creating.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, the lowliest and the lost

Let only that little be left of me whereby I may name thee my all

The sweetness of thy name fills my heart, when I forget mine—like the morning sun when the mist is melted

God grows weary of great kingdoms but never of little flowers

I am able to love my God because he gives me freedom to deny him

God is freedom, for he is light

God eludes us in nature to call us onward, in the Soul he surrenders himself to gather us to his heart.

Your idol is shattered in the dust to prove that God's dust is greater than your idol

Heart

My [illegible] not mine to give to one only, it is
gi[illegible]

Your eyes melt my heart as the kiss of the sun melts the snow on a mountain top

I long to sit silent by you But I dare not, lest my heart come out at my lips

Life

Life finds its wealth by the claims of the world, and its worth by the claims of love

Life is given to us, we earn it by giving it

If to leave this world be as real as to love it—then there must be a meaning in the meeting and parting of life

The fountain of life splashes and foams in laughter and tears

We cannot truly live for one another if we never claim the freedom to live alone

Logic

A mind all logic is like a knife all blade
It makes the hand bleed that uses it

Love

Love's gift is shy, it never tells its name, it flits across the shade spreading a shiner of joy along the dust

She is near to my heart as the meadow flower to the earth.

I love you, my beloved. Forgive me, my love Like a bird losing its way I am caught

She is sweet to me as sleep is to tired limbs

Let not my love be a burden on you, my friend, know that it pays itself

•

I would be content with the smallest corner of this earth if only she were mine

My beloved is ever in my heart. That is why I see him everywhere

Love went for the seeking that which it knew not, leaving all it had known

One Love it is that pervades the whole earth few there are who know it fully

Hasten, my heart, and spend yourself in love, before the day is done.

He who does good, comes to the temple gate he who loves, reaches the shrine

Love depends upon the will of the giver, and the poorest of the poor can indulge in such generosity.

Your eyes melt my heart as the kiss of the sun melts the snow on a mountain top.

I long to sit silent by you But I dare not, lest my heart come out at my lips

Life

Life finds its wealth by the claims of the world, and its worth by the claims of love

Life is given to us, we earn it by giving it

If to leave this world be as real as to love it— then there must be a meaning in the meeting a parting of life

The fountain of life splashes and foams laughter and tears

We cannot truly live for one another if we nev claim the freedom to live alone

Logic

A mind all logic is like a knife all blade
It makes the hand bleed that uses it

Love

Love's gift is shy, it never tells its name, it across the shade spreading a shiner of joy along dust.

He who wants to do good knocks at the gate, he who loves finds the gate open

Love remains a secret even when spoken, for only a lover truly knows that he is loved

'How far are you from me, O Fruit?'
'I am hidden in your heart, O Flower'

'I love, I love' is the cry that breaks out from the bosom of earth and water

Love counts no cost too great to realize its truth

Let my love find its strength in the service of day, its peace in the union of night

The leaf becomes flower when it loves
The flower becomes fruit when it worships.

All the delights that I have felt in life's fruits and flowers, let me offer to thee at the end of the feast in a perfect union of love

I know that this is nothing but thy love, O beloved of my heart—this golden light that dances upon the leaves

Man

The fish in the water is [illegible]

I shall stake all I have and when I lose my last penny I shall stake myself, and then I think I shall have won through my utter defeat

O my heart, let us go to that country where dwells the beloved

Truth is widowed without love

It is not the lightness of pressure in the outside world which we need in order to be free, but love which has the power to bear the world's weight, not only with ease but with joy

Love gives freedom while it binds, for love is what unites

The flute of the infinite is played without ceasing, and its sound is love.

Chastity is a wealth that comes from abundance of love

God kisses the finite in his love and man the infinite

Love is an endless mystery, for it has nothing else to explain it.

A father's love, like God's rain, does not judge but is poured forth from an abounding source.

That love can ever lose is a fact that we cannot accept as truth

Silence

Silence will carry your voice like the nest that holds the sleeping birds

Lead me in the centre of thy silence to fill my heart with songs.

God's silence ripens man's thoughts with speech

Truth

If you shut your doors to all errors truth will be shut out

Blessed is he who does not outshine his truth.

In love we find a joy which is ultimate because it is the ultimate truth

Woman

Woman, when you move about in your household service, your limbs sing like a hill stream among its pebbles

Woman, with the grace of your fingers you touched my things and order came out like music.

Woman, thou hast encircled the world's heart with the depth of thy tears as the sea has the earth

Men are the children of light. Whenever they fully realize themselves they feel their immortality

Man is true where he feels his infinity; where he is divine, and the divine is the creator in him

Man is a born child his power is the power of growth

Man truly lives in the life that is beyond him He toils for the unknown master, he stores for the unborn

Man discovers his own wealth when God comes to ask gifts of him

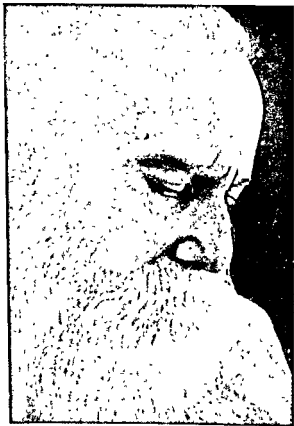
Pride

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest among the poorest, the lowliest and the lost.

Religion

Religion, like poetry, is not a mere idea, it is expression

Right

Wrong cannot afford defeat, but Right can.

Rabindranath Tagore

TAGORE GREETS DEATH

(A Diary of Gurudev's Last Days)

I have loved life so much
Why should I not love death even more ?

Rabindranath Tagore

July 26th

Last night Gurudeva enjoyed a sound sleep and rested well Today he is in quite good spirits Abanindranath, Samarendranath, Charu Babu, Amiya Babu and a few others are present Abanindranath is Gurudeva's nephew Gurudeva likes to talk a lot with him Gurudeva gives reference to Abanindranath's *Gharoa Galpa* and says, "Aban, these days no one has been able to draw such a picture of me. All have tried to praise me and they have been so much lost in praise that they have forgotten the real me Now when people will hear you, they will be able to recognize your uncle-Rabi as a practical man They will also know what a miserable life once your uncle-Rabi led." Talking in this way they are refreshing themselves with the memories of the past Abanindranath says, "You remember that time, uncle-Rabi, when it was raining in torrents and we were holding a meeting of the railway coolies under a goods train when the train began to move." Or Gurudeva says, "You might have not forgotten those days, Aban, when we went to .....'s house

with the purpose of collecting funds. The stairs were dark. With much difficulty we went up and saw a gentleman sitting close to a big wooden box. Just seeing our faces he gave us Rs 500/- and it seemed as if he did not mind the sum just to get rid of us. That gentleman did not even care to enquire as to who we were and why we required the sum." Gurudeva laughs and they both relate to each other such humorous stories that while seeing them talking no one can guess from their expressions that one is an uncle of eighty and the other is a nephew of seventy. Abanindranath does not want his birthday being celebrated and he objects to it.* He raises several objections while Gurudeva scolds him and says, "Your objections do not arise, Aban. When people like to celebrate your birthday, what right have you to interfere?" What can Abanindranath say? He remains silent like a scolded child and after all says, "As you say that my birthday must be celebrated, therefore I shall wear garlands around my neck, have chandanwood paste on my forehead and perform everything which I shall be required to do, but in no case I shall step out of my door." Hardly has he finished these words before he takes himself out of the room and Gurudeva laughs heartily. Now Gurudeva says to all those present, "Aban does not

*Santiniketan celebrated Dr. Abanindranath Tagore's 70th birthday on 19th August 1941. A prayer was held in the mandir in the morning. An exhibition of his paintings remained open for four days at the Kalabhavan Museum, and a lecture on his life and works was arranged on the 20th August in the evening at Sinha Sadan.

want anything He did not wish for anything during the whole of his life. But, you know this one man has changed the world of art, he has revolutionized the taste of the country His countrymen were strictly against him but he bravely faced all the difficulties, and changed the atmosphere So I say that if you do not care to maintain the prestige of this gentleman, all this will be a humbug When I hear Aban's stories, I feel how simple and fresh my life was then That time has passed and now no enthusiasm has been left But, that was such a beautiful time that every dawn came in a new adore and every evening fashioned in new colours. Oh, what a wonderful time it was! I am quite confident that when you will hear Aban's stories, you will be lost in praise. At that time several things were fresh to us and we had no feeling of fear and fright Anyhow Aban and others were quite young and they had to respect me, they also had a sense of love for myself They never tried to know as to what would happen in the near future. They were so bold ... that they never cared if the police ...p. They remained in continued ...n fact a preliminary period of the ... published, you will ... one period of the ... I shouldered the ... was able to guide ...hat Aban's word- ...mselves. My innerself ... youth and I felt a great

power in myself Now it is quite clear to me that all this humbug today is of no avail; people themselves do not follow what they say; they are not the least sincere to their words So I do not like it."

At 4-30 p m 50-c c glucose injection is given in Gurudeva's right arm. His body is shivering severely and this shivering remains for half an hour After that he goes to sleep. This injection affects him to a considerable extent with the result that his temperature rises up to 102·4°

July 27th

Last night Gurudeva had a good sleep. This morning he dictates a poem and Rani Chanda takes it down He says, "I have got a few words in my brain, take them down or with the coming of other thoughts I shall lose them like the dawn light I always think that my brain is empty and I shall be able to sit peacefully thereafter but in fact it never happens . why so? I take it nothing more than madness" Gurudeva is extremely happy today. He cracks a joke with Nalini Bose and Dr Deban Bose. He says, "The doctors are in a great fix They have taken several tests of my blood but they find nothing wrong with it They are busy for nothing They have to deal with a patient who has no disease The doctors have no doubt been disappointed" Gurudeva's continual disease has made him accustomed to sleeping in a half-sitting position From waist to shoulders pillows are placed and one pillow remains under the

knees as well As after the operation is performed he will be required to lie down flat for a few days, the doctors say that with a view to making him accustomed to lie down flat the number of pillows may be gradually decreased This evening, when Rani Chanda is arranging the pillow under his feet, he says, "It will be no good for me to raise my feet high. In this way I shall not be able to keep my head raised Till today this head has never bowed down before anyone while now the doctors say, 'bend your head, raise your feet', oh, what a downfall!"

July 29th

These days Gurudeva has much anxiety regarding the operation He says, "As the opera- is to be performed, the sooner it is done, the :r" He enquires from the doctors, "Baba, me, how long will all these small pricks inue in preparation for the big prick?" All Gurudeva know that the operation will take : tomorrow. He is not informed of it lest he be worried Gurudeva in course of a conversa- tries to ask from Dr. Jyoti Prakash Sarkar with ect to the operation but he makes him busy ... ic. Dr. Sarkar says, "You will

Dr Sarkar replies, " No, not at all ; you may please rest assured " Today Gurudeva dictates a poem in Bengali known as *Sorrow's Dark Night.*

July 30th

The operation will be performed today but Gurudeva is not informed of it. All are harassed Who knows what will happen ! But still everyone says, " There is nothing to fear." Gurudeva calls for Dr Sarkar and says, " Come, Baba, tell me when are you people going to perform the operation ? " " Oh, tomorrow or day after," replies Dr. Sarkar. " We haven't yet decided about it Whatever day Lalit Babu thinks best, the same day it will be done " Gurudeva keeps quiet for a long time as if he is thinking something but no one knows what. It seems that something very beautiful is coming to his brain He dictates a fairly long poem He gets tired while dictating the poem and murmurs to himself, " These days I get tired even with a little work." At half past ten when all arrangements for the operation are made, Lalit Babu informs Gurudeva saying, " This is a good day so I want to finish it off today What do you think ? " " What, today ? " Gurudeva enquires surprisingly and then says, " Well, it is good to do it without pre-information " After a few minutes he says to Rani Chanda, " Please read to me the poem which I dictated to you this morning." Rani Chanda reads the poem quite close to his ears. After hearing the poem he says, " There is something in it which is not perfectly correct Well, let

Two or three doctors attend on him day and night. At about half past ten telephonic message is sent to Dr Indo Bhushan. The medicines are given but to no effect. At eleven he lifts his right hand and moving his fingers speaks in a trembling voice, "What will happen, now? I do not know, what will happen? Oh, let us see what happens."

August 5th

The fever is rising day by day and Gurudeva is growing weaker and weaker gradually. Today also Gurudeva is in the same comatose condition Sir Nil Rattan comes in the evening He calls Gurudeva but no response comes forth As long as he sits, he keeps caressing Gurudeva's hand with his own His nose seems to be drawn to the left, his cheeks are swollen and his left eye is inflamed His fingers and toes feel moist.

August 6th

Since last night he has been gazing but no one knows at what There is a frightful look in his eyes This is a *puranmashi* day If this day passes away smoothly, better things can be expected But the [illegible] is despairing. Once in the [illegible] "led him just close to his [illegible]," he looked towards [illegible] d [illegible] re, "eh" From this [illegible] ids everything but [illegible] lost much of his [illegible] Cough hurts him a [illegible] ay that there is

eyes one can see a helpless look of a child
keeps quiet for the whole day, all seem worried
anxious today The whole day doctors have l
coming and going They have been consul
each other and often discussing certain points
a very low voice

August 2nd

Today Gurudeva is in an unnatural sleep N
and again he groans. When anyone tries to g
him food, he becomes angry and says, "Do
disturb me, please." Today it is good to hear h
even in an angry mood A doctor enquires fro
him, "What kind of pain do you feel?" H
smiles and replies, "Is it possible to explai
doctor?" After midday he falls into a comatos
condition and the whole night passes away withou
any change

August 3rd

Last night Gurudeva's condition was *critical*.
This morning he speaks very little If anyone tries
to give him food or medicine, he becomes annoyed
As usual, after midday he again falls into a comatose
condition.

August 4th

Yesterday morning a telephonic message was
sent to Santiniketan with a purpose to call for
Bothan. So she has come and calls Gurudeva quite
c h great
d is head.

voice. All who hear him, go out of control At about nine they begin to give oxygen to Gurudeva Breath continues as before with the change that now there is no groaning though a low sound is heard This sound grows fainter and fainter to such an extent that at thirteen minutes past twelve midday (Calcutta time) Gurudeva breathes his last at his ancestral home, Jorasanko, at Calcutta The crowd outside is impatient to have Gurudeva's *darshan* Amita-di, Buri and others dress Gurudeva in white Benares silk—pleated dhoti, punjabi of garad silk, a folded chaddar stretching from the shoulders to the feet, chandan-wood paste on the forehead, flower garland round the neck, and heaps of white flowers on each side. Rani Chanda places a lotus bud in the hand which lies on his breast He looks like a king sleeping in kingly fashion in his royal robes People come, offer *parnam* at his feet and depart

anything which does not tease him. His elder sister, Baruna Kumari Devi, comes to enquire of his health and spends her whole night here At times she comes trembling in the room to see her brother but cannot come close to Gurudeva's bed. Quietness prevails all over The full moon is in its full view from Gurudeva's room At twelve in the night his condition becomes very critical but after some time the doctors give some hope. Now he groans with every breath

August 7th

Since 4 a.m cars are coming and going one by one All the near and dear ones of Gurudeva have arrived The sky has grown pale in the east Amiya-di brings flowers from the new champa tree Rani Chanda offers those flowers at Gurudeva's feet. The paleness of Gurudeva's face resembles the golden colour of the champa flowers At seven Ramananda Chatterjye stands beside Gurudeva and offers prayers Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Vidushekhar Bhattacharya sits close to his feet and chants mantra

Om pita noh'si pita no bodhi namaste'stu ma ma hinsih.

Many a time this mantra has been heard from Gurudeva's lips Gurudeva himself has translated it into the following words :

" Thou art our father : '

SANTINIKETAN

(A Cultural Heritage from Gurudeva)

Both Madame Chiang and myself feel happy to visit the home of the great Poet at this international seat of learning We did not see the Poet in person, but we are glad to witness the spirit he has left behind in this institution he has founded We fervently hope that the teachers and students, who have gathered here, will try to uphold the tradition and continue to build up the great work, of which the foundation has already been laid by your Gurudeva Just as our Sun Yat-Sen had established the spirit of universal brotherhood amongst us and raised the glory of new China, so your great preceptor has elevated the spirit of your great land and brought to it a new awakening

Chiang Kai-Shek

"We feel that if we had not visited your institution our visit to India would not have been complete," writes Madame Chiang Kai-Shek in a personal letter to Shri Rathindranath Tagore from Calcutta

The Poet ever continued to show undiminished interest in the fate of China and never ceased to express his admiration for the great qualities of her people, their love of knowledge and the finer pursuits of the mind to which they have held fast even in the turmoil of their life-and-death struggle It was only a few years back when Japan made perfidious offers of friendship and the illustrious Poet voiced, in noble language, the burning indignation which India felt in being asked to grasp in amity a blood-stained hand The Japanese offer mainly took the form of letters written to our Poet by the Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi.

"With a crusader's determination and with a sense of sacrifice that belongs to a martyr, our young

[illegible] go to the front. Their minds are light and happy, the war is not for conquest, but for the correction of mistaken ideas of China, and to carry her simple and ignorant masses to better life and wisdom. ... I do not know why we cannot be praised by your countrymen. But we are terribly blamed by them, as it seems, for our heroism and aim," said the Japanese poet in his first letter addressed to Dr. Tagore who replied in part:

"You seem to agree with me in your condemnation of the massacre of Ethiopia by Fascist Italy but you would reserve the murderous attack on Chinese millions for judgment under a different category. But surely judgments are based on principle and no amount of special pleading can change the fact that in launching the ravening war on Chinese humanity, with all the deadly methods learnt from the West, Japan is infringing every moral principle on which civilization is based. ... ... You are building your conception of an Asia which would be raised on a tower of skulls. I have, as you rightly point out, believed in the message of Asia, but I never dreamt that this message could be identified with deeds which brought exaltation to the heart of Tamerlane at his terrible efficiency in man-slaughter."

"India's heart is one with China," says His Excellency Lord Linlithgow. And, our Poet was certainly of the same belief. He also believed that China was the veteran of Asia's fight for freedom.

He revived the age-long Sino-Indian spiritual and cultural relation by visiting China and by the promotion of Chinese studies in Visvabharati This cultural endeavour has taken concrete shape in Cheena Bhawan in Santiniketan

"By unrighteousness man prospers, gains what appears desirable, conquers enemies, but perishes at the root" This is what our Indian sages have proclaimed But the present-day Western civilization goes a long way to demonstrate the human instinct which makes the man aim at his gaining superiority to his fellow-beings and his using all means, fair and foul, in his power with the purpose to rule over others It is a foolish belief, an insanity in honour of which the man has suffered division and dispersion at the cost of complete unity, and has blindly sacrificed candour and co-operation resulting in disturbance of the peace of the world

Today every man feels himself to be a patriot It is good But, what a wonder, all the patriots seem to observe and feel, in a true sense of the word, the magnificence of their country when she violently captures the terriories of the weak nations, when she keeps her false prestige by adding to the number of her slaves, when she plunders the helpless, when she does not hesitate to ravage others for the benefit of her own people, and when she commits such crimes which if committed by an individual, will bring no less than capital punishment

China is proud of her people who are patriots

no doubt but do not possess the spirit of aggression They do not pounce upon others to deprive them of their freedom The principles which Dr Sun Yat-Sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, has bequeathed to the people of his country, have been responsible for the new spirit that has inspired the Chinese people to do their bit in making a better world for mankind. The hostility between the Chinese and the Japanese began more than four years ago The Japanese have slaughtered their men and women, destroyed their industries and occupied their territories, but still no one during his stay in India heard the Chinese Leader using any opprobrious term against Japan or the European Axis Powers Chinese, in fact, undertake action only when their equilibrium is disturbed. And in this respect China is at one with India The Generalissimo has truly said, "Should freedom be denied to either China or India, there could be no real peace in the world." In the 2,000 years' history of China and India's intercourse which has been of a purely cultural and commercial character, there has never been an armed conflict. Indeed, nowhere else can one find so long a period of uninterrupted peace between two neighbouring countries This is irrefutable proof that our two peoples are peace-loving by nature. China and India will certainly join their heads, if God helps them to make a new world in which men and women i live in peace and happiness. Our direct contact China was linked up with the establishing of

Cheena Bhawan, a department of Sino-Indian studies in Santiniketan The Cheena Bhawan was opened in March 1937 and its achievements in this short period of five years encourage us to build high hopes for its future The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek have donated a sum of Rs 30,000/- for the completion of the extension of the Cheena Bhawan at Santiniketan The Generalissimo and Madame have also donated Rs 50,000/-, to be used in any way Shri Rathindranath Tagore might see fit, in memory of Dr Rabindranath Tagore as a small token of their deep admiration of the wonderful work of the Poet

Tan Yun Shan is a great Chinese genius He acts as a director of the Cheena Bhawan He believes in India's cultural contribution to China "It is a well-known fact," he says, "that China imported the great religion of Buddha from India. In the wake of Buddhism India has given China her science, philosophy, art, literature, music, dance, architecture and everything that went to enrich her culture and civilization." In 1938 when Prof Shan was on leave in China, Pandit Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya directed the academic activities of the department

Santiniketan is two miles out of Bolpur Railway Station, three hours' journey from Howrah. It is surrounded by a typical upland plain, dry and treeless, cracked with rivulets and rough with low thorns. In the rains its bareness flushes into the green of

paddy fields. Maharshi Devendranath had a great devotion for this place. The place was being called Bolpur after the name of the adjoining railway station till 1863 when the Maharshi bought this land and broke its nakedness by copsewood and a couple of fine chhatim trees which keep alive the memory of his meditations in which he was often accompanied by his youngest son, Rabindranath Tagore

"These broad open spaces round Bolpur," writes Satischandra Ray, "help one to understand the burning fierceness of the sun, and reveal in the storms the power of the wind. When I go out into the fierce heat which fills the surrounding plains, I feel as Saturn must have felt when the rings of fire were placed round his head. It seems as if in a less intense light I could not have seen the images of the sky, bright and burning like molten gold, or of the lonely plain, with its distant red road gleaming across its widespread fields."

Mr Ray was a young poet who joined Rabindranath when the school was started and died after one year of service. The above words have been quoted from his diary published in the *Modern Review* October, 1922.

The educational work of Santiniketan does not come in the scope of this booklet. But it cannot be quite passed over. First of all it is essential to mention here that the Poet planned much more than a school. Stereotyped education in India these days

is mere memorisation in a foreign tongue and one can safely call it machine-made and spurious The Poet was of the opinion that education should be a pleasure rather than to be a burden for both the teacher and the taught He sought a home for the spirit of India, distracted and torn in the conflicting storms of the age To Tagore the great gift of ancient India was her meditation, calm, which he wished to recapture

At Santiniketan classes are held out of doors. A student can sit in the branches of the trees, if he likes There is a *puja mandir*, made of glass, all-side open for air Here worship is conducted twice a week Meditation is observed every day in the morning and evening at a fixed time No student is compelled to meditate. He is rather taught to remain quiet so that others may not be disturbed

The unity of India is not more than a dream to many of her great sons But Santiniketan is not merely a home for the spirit of India, but one for the spirit of all nations, for Tagore's mind was so universal in its sympathies that it could never rest with a part The school does not observe festivals belonging to Hindu or other religions There are only half-holidays for the birthdays of Christ, Buddha, Chaitanya, Mahomet, the Maharshi, Ram Mohan Roy and other great men. There are also two long vacations In ancient India there used to be very close friendly relation between the *guru* (teacher) and the *shishya* (pupil). The Poet revived the same

tradition in his school The school also keeps up the tradition of religious emphasis The students are supposed to do a great deal of praying and meditating, the times of their social intercourse are under the teachers The students are unreservedly under their teachers' control as the children are with their parents With this closeness of association between teachers and students the Poet had tried to combine the Western new theories of independence

The school was started in 1901 and it has stood more than forty years' test But still we fail to judge its real value which will, in fact, be proved when India has got independence and has to stand or fall by the work of her own children Our universities are following the scheme of Lord Macaulay in support of which he himself said that it should be their endeavour, as far as possible, to create such a mass in India as would do the intermediary work by conciliation and compromise between them and millions of their subjects, and that those people might be Indian by the difference of colour but staunch English by virtue of their thoughts, feelings and tastes And, Santiniketan is the only school in India which has an idea behind and a great inspiration in it Santiniketan, in fact, is a self-governing republic. The students have their own dairy farm, their own hospital, post-office, printing press, temple, workshops. The Visvabharati Printing Press, started in 1922, had made way for elaborate arrangements by which ing its own publications

Santiniketan has also been serving its country by giving wide publicity to the Poet's thoughts in the shape of the *Visvabharati Quarterly* in English, and the *Visvabharati Patrika Quarterly* in Hindi. The latter was published under the management of the Hindi Bhawan in January last for the first time. The Hindi Bhawan was declared formally open in the first month of 1939 while the foundation stone was laid in January 1937 by Deenabandhu C F Andrews. The cost of the construction was met from the donation received by the trustees of the estate of the late Rai Bahadur Bisseswarlal Halwasiya. The school has ample arrangements for imparting industrial training to its students and the same is being done very efficiently. The school has its own looms for weaving. The library is rich with the generous gifts from France and Germany. The Poet put in it various autographed books which he received from authors at various times. In Edward Thompson's opinion, in 1926, "the library is a better one in pure literature than any to which the citizens of Calcutta have access." The students of Santiniketan are taught to work for the rural uplift. They go out to villages to run night classes for the labourers and the Harijans. In Santiniketan they hold their own courts, they impose their own penalties; they do not inflict corporal punishment.

The Poet himself had given his life to the school. "Santiniketan, Sriniketan and Visvabharati—all these are manifestations of his action," says

tradition in his school The school also keeps up the tradition of religious emphasis The students are supposed to do a great deal of praying and meditating, the times of their social intercourse are under the teachers The students are unreservedly under their teachers' control as the children are with their parents With this closeness of association between teachers and students the Poet had tried to combine the Western new theories of independence

The school was started in 1901 and it has stood more than forty years' test But still we fail to judge its real value which will, in fact, be proved when India has got independence and has to stand or fall by the work of her own children Our universities are following the scheme of Lord Macaulay in support of which he himself said that it should be their endeavour, as far as possible, to create such a mass in India as would do the intermediary work by conciliation and compromise between them and millions of their subjects, and that those p...
Indian by the difference of colour b
by virtue of their thoughts, feelin
Santiniketan is the only school
idea behind and a great
niketan, in fact, is a self-gov
students have their own
tal, post-office, printing
The Visvabharati Printing
had made way for elab
Santiniketan has been in

have implicitly received his last benediction You will be apostles to the world of that great son of God, your Gurudeva, carrying the torch kindled from that immortal fire which illumined and awakened India into the world of beauty, strength and freedom "

Gurudev's soul is immortal and he lives though dead. Gurudev longed to serve the world through India and breathed his last while doing so His experiment is unfinished His mortal remains are no

manifestations of his action They were his soul for which Deenabandhu Andrews left his world, followed by Gurudev Our true homage should be to maintain these institutions which he is watching from wherever he may be

M K Gandhi

Just now a very dark night has descended on mankind and in this darkness the gleaming figure of Tagore personifying the highest freedom and the highest ideals of humanity reminds us once more that the murderous jungle which exists today will have an end. I am firmly convinced that there will come better times To bring this about hundreds of thousands, nay millions, of my countrymen are now spilling their blood in a [illegible] against the mechanised

I grieve with India over the loss of one of her most distinguished sons, who by his thought and writings did so much to open to the world the priceless treasures of the mind.

—Lord Halifax

There are in Japan so many admirers of his country with his noble self as the first.

—Japanese Poet Yone Noguchi.

Of all modern Indian writers Tagore had reached a supreme place as a world figure, poet, philosopher and prophet Though it is difficult to assess his verse in English translation, many readers in Europe and U S A have been made aware of his powers and he was obviously an outstanding genius of Bengali Renaissance. In England we have too often carried mixed treasures over confidently to the East. And it was salutary to learn through Tagore how much Europe had to learn from India.

In the days of his manhood while his life had a quiet symmetry of circle his mind went out over the world attempting to reconciling varying forms of loyalty and beliefs. In his mature years at *Santiniketan* he gathered around him many scholars and philosophers whom his leadership had directed for the purpose of human unity, notable among them being the late C F Andrews

Santiniketan was not an "Ivory Castle," for Tagore never lost sight of the world as actually is, and at times when he disapproved of English policy in India he would speak strongly, even vehemently. But he never denied to the West its virtues, its energy and material creativeness. Nourished by the Bengali revival of the nineteenth century he had come to possess the vision of the union of men sharing a common modicum of belief about human life, whatever might be their conflicting faiths, concepts and eternity. The memory of that vision should be perpetuated in some permanent form in this [illegible] w him will never forget his [illegible] gnificent profile

its quality can be recalled from a number of traits but ultimate memory of him is in his h in the unity of men on earth Those who knew i and cherished him should in some organisation this country see that his teaching is still remembered and its purpose furthered.

—*The Manchester Guardian*

past and of the present, has set, and our hearts are empty Yet his voice rings in our ears and the flaming message of his recent utterances will be our guiding star In line with the great Indian sages of the past he has left us an imperishable inheritance and even at the moment of his passing away, we think with pride and gratitude the love and reverence of this magnificent life and its achievements. That precious inheritance we shall treasure and I earnestly trust that every Indian will consider it his duty to help in the development and growth of Santiniketan and Visvabharati, which embody Gurudev's ideal.

—*Jawaharlal Nehru.*

What can be greater than to be a poet like Tagore? Philosophers have lived and died, their schools of philosophy have grown up and been forgotten Kings have lived and died and who remembers then their names and dynasties they founded? Great generals have achieved glory and been forgotten But the poet lives for ever, he lives in the hearts of today, he lives in the hearts of tomorrow and a poet like Tagore who loved his country was none the less a lover of all countries. Even in every fibre of his being, in every hair of his head, in every rich red drop of Indian outside and Indian inside of him,

... the genius of
quality. And
ppreciation of
l science, her
om where the
gift of beauty came, found her last, her latest, her most lovely interpreter, her most lovely embodiment, her most lovely prophet, her most lovely affirmation in Rabindranath Tagore who, before he died, with the knowledge of his coming death said, "I have tasted the hidden honey of a lotus" The hidden honey of the lotus was the ultimate vision of this seer and out of the lotus of his own lyric genius as was that he drew the hidden honey with which he went, sweet upon his tongue, to greet the immortals in the world of poets, his fellow poets belonging to the world of song

—Mrs Sarojini Naidu.

All India claims and justly claims him as her own. That did not make him any the less greatest Bengali that has ever been born Through him voice and spirit of Bengal spoke to the wide world Coming ages will recognize him as a prophet from Bengal. Through him Bengal's soul rose to sublime heights of universalism.

—Sarat Bose.

I am profoundly grieved to hear that my revered friend, the high-souled patriot and poet of world-wide repute, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, has passed away. In him the motherland has lost one of her noblest sons of imperishable fame. His name will be remembered with affection and gratitude wherever his immortal work will be read.

—Madan Mohan Malaviya.

Dr Rabindranath Tagore was not only the greatest poet and artist of modern India but was also a great sentinel of India whose high moral principles stood out uncompromisingly on all occasions. For fifty years and more he was a great

teacher—the Gurudeva as he was lovingly called—of India. He is gone but he has left behind enough of immortal value for India and for the world to give them light in their hours of trial We needed his presence today more than ever before when the affairs of the world are in a topsyturvy condition

-Dr. Rajendra Prasad

Dr Tagore's death leaves India poorer, but mankind richer with the legacy of his muse and message.

—V D Savarkar

I am extremely grieved to hear the sad news of the death of one of the greatest of India's poets, philosophers and social workers. I had the privilege of knowing him from my younger days and the last time I had the honour of meeting him was in London in 1929. His very frank and illuminating discussions were a great source of encouragement. Above all, he was a true patriot and was always ready to understand and appreciate the opposite point of view In his convocation address to the Gurukul University he made very weighty and frank observations about the slogan "India is one and indivisible" which should be studied by every Indian

It is an irreparable loss to India Poet Tagore will live through his works with us

—M. A Jinnah.

Today the question before us is not what sort of man Dr Tagore was. What he did is not a sealed book to the country or even to the world Not only Indian, but there would hardly be any literate person in the whole world, who would not have received the news of Dr Tagore's death with a feeling of the great loss that humanity has suffered. Many other countrymen of ours have great qualities, but Dr. Tagore, in addition to numerous other virtues, had uncommon courage to

I am deeply grieved to learn of the death Dr. Tagore. This marks the end of a long life of rvice inspired by high ideals nobly conceived id actively pursued and will be an inspiring cample for generations to come. In him India as lost one of her greatest sons who, through s manifold gifts and achievements, helped raise her in the estimation of the world

—H E. The Viceroy

It is difficult to believe that Dr Tagore is ead Only a few months ago it was my privilege, s the representative of the University of Oxford, visit Santiniketan and confer on him an Oxford octorate; and though his body was frail, his oice and his mind were as strong and vigorous s ever, and I hoped that he would be among s for many years to come. I shall always carry vith me a vivid memory of that day . and I can see im now, sitting in the midst of us and speaking f men he had met and places he had seen looking vith his magnificent head, his white hair and eard and his long white robe like some priest or rophet of old Of his work in the field of iteratu [illegible] han I

over the entire civilized world. The dominant note of his teaching was a sweet harmony between India's past and present.

—Rt. Hon'ble M. R. Jayakar.

Speaking as a Bengali, belonging to the province which gave birth to Dr. Tagore, speaking the very language which he spoke, it is impossible to lose sight of the fact that the man who earned for Bengali literature one of the highest positions in the language and literature of the world is no more and now that he is not alive, his work will remain enshrined not only in his books, but also in the hearts of many millions of his countrymen. It is impossible to try and exhaust the tributes of eulogy which can be paid to Dr Tagore It is not enough to say that he is great. He is great as a poet, great as a philosopher, great as an educationist, great as humanitarian, great in his songs and the whole world know that he not merely wrote or spoke poetry, but he lived in poetry throughout his life As member of the great Bengali race, we are proud that we have in our midst one like Rabindranath to whom the whole world pay their homage.

—Fazl-ul-Haque, Premier, Bengal.

There have been few personalities who have inspired our countrymen with the spirit of nationalism as Dr Tagore had done. His influence on the younger generation was very great. Although dead, he still speaks and will continue to speak for centuries

—Dr. Khan Sahib, ex-Premier, N W.F P.

The people of Sind share with the entire country the irretrievable loss which the nation has sustained by the passing away of the Poet who was revered throughout the world as an outstanding genius of modern India and whose memorable

works have abidingly enriched the literature, art and idealism of their ancient motherland.

—*K B Allah Bux, Premier, Sind*

The death of Dr Tagore means an irreparable loss He was as much a poet as a seer. He gave to Indian poetry an honoured place in the literature of modern times In him the world had lost a great poet and India one of her greatest sons

—*K. M Munshi, ex-Home Minister, Bombay*

A great Indian, who raised the status of India in the international sphere, has passed away It is difficult to get his place filled The death is a grave national loss, an irreparable loss.

—*Dr. N B. Khare, ex-Premier, C P*

Rabindranath has given a shape and form in his songs and poems to the hopes and aspirations, sorrows and sufferings of an age. If, perchance, the pages of the history of the last eighty years are lost to us, it will not be difficult for us to rewrite these pages from the poems, songs and other writings of the Poet

works have abidingly enriched the literature, art and idealism of their ancient motherland.

—K B Allah Bux, Premier, Sind.

The death of Dr Tagore means an irreparable loss He was as much a poet as a seer He gave to Indian poetry an honoured place in the literature of modern times In him the world had lost a great poet and India one of her greatest sons

—K. M Munshi, ex-Home Minister, Bombay

A great Indian, who raised the status of India in the international sphere, has passed away It is difficult to get his place filled. The death is a grave national loss, an irreparable loss

—Dr. N. B. Khare, ex-Premier, C.P.

Rabindranath has given a shape and form in his songs and poems to the hopes and aspirations, sorrows and sufferings of an age. If, perchance, the pages of the history of the last eighty years are lost to us, it will not be difficult for us to revive these pages from the poems, songs and other writings of the Poet

To Rabindranath

What impressed me most during the visit here was the atmosphere of ineffable peace, so serene so philosophic, at the same time so artistic. The institution has reached the highest phase o Indian art not merely in external paraphernalia bu also in the manner of living and ways of thought

As time goes on, I am quite sure tha Dr. Tagore's contribution towards making Indi great in the eyes of the whole world will be bette realized and more fully understood His personality as expressed through the ideals and achievement of the institution he had created and fostered shows as nothing else can, the essential man, the great lover of humanity and culture

I do hope that the institution will be helpe in every way to develop on lines visualized fo it by its great founder As one who revere him, I did my little bit when I obtained a grant fo the Vidya Bhavan from the Nizam's Government Now that the Poet is no more, it should be every body's endeavour not only to maintain but als to stabilise and develop this institution whic he has bequeathed to the future generation a a precious gift and trust

—Sir Akbar Hydar

The death of our beloved Guru has created a void in [illegible] heart, which it will be impossibl to fill H[illegible] ed full of years and honours an with the [illegible] sness of having served his belove motherlar[illegible] best of his great power.

TAGORE'S FRIEND

(Irish Poet—William Butler Yeats)

Most writers belong to the literary world, Yeats belongs to the world

Rabindranath Tagore

Yeats—poet, playwright, critic, essayist, patric
and mystic—was born at Sandymount near Dublin o
the 13th of June, 1865 His father, J B. Yeats, wa
a distinguished Irish artist and member of the Roy
Hibernian Academy His mother's family was fro
County Sligo His maternal grandfather w
William Pollexfen, merchant and shipowner, h
paternal grandfather was William Butler Yeat
M.A, Rector of Tullylish, Co Down.

Soon after his birth his parents moved to Londo
but his early years were largely spent in Sligo A
the age of nine or ten he joined the Godolph
School in Hammersmith and returned to Sligo f
his holidays After five years he was admitted
the Erasmus Smith School in Dublin His ear
work is full of allusions to Sligo's mountains, litt
brooks and colourful land Indeed this beauti
country coloured all his writing

For three years after his schooling he studi
painting but at twenty-one, when he published h
first book, *Mosada*, a dramatic poem, he decided
bid good-bye to his paint-brush and from that tin
forward gave his whole attention to literature H
first poem *Island of Statues* was published in t
Dublin University Review when he was only ninete
years of age. At twenty-two, in 1887, he settl
down in London as a poet and journalist. In 18
The Wanderings of Oisin, a book of poems, w
published which is usually known as his first pub
cation.

listening to talk about art, apparently absorbed in thought, physical and moral beauty were harmoniously wedded. At the time, however, no one told him that this was one of the greatest modern authors. The tale which appeared in translation in the *Modern Review* in 1910 appealed to him greatly, and he enquired in Calcutta that English translations of any other tales were obtainable."

Only two years later Tagore proceeded to Europe and during his visit to Rothenstein the latter asked his guest if he had translated any of his poems. Tagore had with him some poems which he had translated during his illness. Most of these were from *Gitanjali*. Rothenstein gave them to W. B. Yeats, who was enchanted with their profundity.

Yeats, more than anyone else, was responsible for making the poetry of Tagore known to the West. It was due to his endeavours that *Gitanjali*, the first book of English translation of Tagore's poems, was published which fetched the Poet the Nobel Prize for literature in 1913.

Yeats optimised the natural life of Ireland in the same way as Tagore did the natural life of India. A staunch protagonist of the political aspirations of Ireland, he took a prominent part in the *Celtic Revival* that was to play an increasingly important part *in the ideological background of the Irish* freedom movement.

account of the difficulties of remaining a poet duri
the age in which we live," says Wilson. It was
1897 that Yeats became interested in the formati
of an Irish theatre. Two years later with the he
of Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn and other frien
he succeeded in establishing the Irish theatre
Dublin. This famous theatre gradually develop
attracting to itself writers such as J M. Synge a
Padraic Column whose plays were produced.
1904 the theatre established itself in the Abb
Theatre Yeats had been the director of the Abb
Theatre ever since it came into existence and h
contributed to its production many plays
verse and prose. His first three plays in pro
Kathleen ni Honlihan (1902), *The Pot of Broth* (190
and *The Hour Glass* (1903), are entirely success
stage plays It is difficult to speak with certainty
the stage success of his verse-plays because, owing
the absence of a verse-theatre in England, their p
formances could not be large in number He est
lished a verse-theatre in Ireland but the people
Ireland could not enjoy his verse-plays for a l
time, they declared themselves to be realistic
not poetic In the unrealistic form he found freed
from stage conventions and an opportunity
phantasy. The plays of dancers do not comm
wide popularity owing to their failure to appeal
minds of the persons of taste. Anyhow, to so
they seem the most beautiful work he did for
stage.

During the period of his youthful citizenship in London Yeats remained a romantic, incapable of being corrected. Even in later years no remarkable change took place in his romantic character He founded, amongst other things, a verse-theatre in Ireland and during its early years a number of his verse-plays were performed there but later the dramatic genius of Ireland declared itself to be realistic and not poetic—his verse-theatre had to be abandoned

"Yeats stands above his contemporaries, a tall and noble figure—a poet," said Dr Tagore after his first meeting with Yeats in 1913 George Moore's early impression of Yeats, in the stage, when his second poetic play, *The Land of Heart's Desire* (1894), was being produced, is worth noting:

"Yeats striding to and forth at the back of the dress circle, a long black cloak dropping from his shoulders, a soft black sombrero on his head, a voluminous black silk tie flowing from his collar, loose black trousers dragging untidily over his long, heavy feet"

Yeats published two books, *Reveries over Childhood and Youth* (1915) and *The Trembling of the Veil* (1922)—later on brought together in [illegible] volume called [illegible] th [illegible]
the history, [illegible]
of his life.

"We fi [illegible]
writings a [illegible]

has brought into literature " He was aroused by
new inspiration, a national one and *Poems Written*
Discouragement (1913) are the result of that inspira
tion In the year 1914 was published *Responsibilitie*
wherein the new note in his verse is firmly struck
The last flow of embroidery for embroidery's sak
has been cast aside and the beauty of these poem
is "like a tightened bow" "In *Responsibilities,*
says Forrest Reid, a well-known critic of Yeats, " th
obscurity has to a large extent disappeared A cer
tain bewilderment may be experienced by the reade
of *The Grey Rock*, but only if he is careless enoug
not to keep the threads of the poem separate
which the typography will help him to do.

. *Responsibilities*, nevertheless, is particularly in
teresting, because it shows such a remarkabl
recovery from the rather feeble and vivid *Gree*
Helmet The poems exhibit a great variety of form
We have narrative poems , short gnomic pieces lik
The Witch ; fables like *The Charming Dolls* , verse
suggested by passing events, such as *The Lane Con*
troversy, songs like *The Mountain Tomb* , and ballad
like *September, 1913* "

Yeats's latest poetry does not seem much differ
ent from the poetry in *Responsibilities* It is, for th
most part, dramatic and narrative, with now an
again a song, and an epigram called forth by som
passing event. It does not possess the beauty of hi
earlier verse.

"The end for art," says the Irish poet i

Fortunately, Yeats had been his best biographer, in so far as his poetic life is concerned. "I had made a new religion," he says, "almost an infallible church of poetic tradition, of a fardel of stories, and of personage and emotion, inseparable from their first expression, passed on from generation to generation by poets and painters with some help from philosophers and theologians." Considered as a poet his poetry falls into three periods—the early, the middle and the late. His early poetry was an outcome of his labour and a rich production of his efforts, influenced, in some way or the other, by the Pre-Raphaelites. Yet side by side with these possibly over-decorated poems can be found beautiful lyrics as simple as an Irish country ballad By the year 1910 he had been exhausted by elaboration; likenes of his poetry was produced everywhere; he stood u with a zeal against his own embroideries "I r member," he says, "that when I first began to w I desired to describe outward things as vividly possible, and took pleasure, in which there perhaps, a little discontent, in picturesque declamatory books. And then quite suddenly the desire of ... ard ... d that I t... spiritual stand th mind, b gling al ity' wh

eye of the mind, as a magic-lantern produces a
illusion on the eye of the body

In the ordinary way a symbol would mean
mark of a character taken as the conventional sign
some object or idea or process, *e.g.*, a badge is
symbol of authority; a uniform is a symbol
a particular organisation Yeats employed two kin
of symbols, intellectual and emotional. By means
his symbols he would produce the singular effects
the minds of the readers—the agony, th
ecstasy, the plentitude of belief. He writes in h
Ideas of Good and Evil, "If I watch a rush
pool in the moonlight, my emotion at its beauty
mixed with the memories of the man that I have see
ploughing by its margin, or of the lovers I saw the
a night ago, but if I look at the moon herself a
remember any of her ancient names and meanings,
move among the divine people, and things that ha
shaken off our mortality."

In his search after symbols Yeats does not stra
himself Sometimes it so happens that a symb
dawns into his consciousness of whose meanings
is entirely ignorant. His dreams at times supp
him with symbols whose meanings he takes years
discover.

Yeats does not belong to the category of t
"nature poets" unlike Wordsworth for who
nature was divine, and who sought communi
through nature with nature's indwelling So
Wordsworth's landscapes have the coolness a

freshness of water colour. For him

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

With Shelley nature was a mystical revelation of that eternal spirit in whom all modes of life are one With Byron nature is full of passionate freedom which the conditions of the human lot denied to man. With Arnold nature's calm was a refuge and a solace to the fretful and troubled heart The deeply religious quality of this kind of nature poetry is conspicuous by its absence in the utterances of Yeats with whom nature is always subservient to his own mood providing at best a background to reflect some state of mind or soul.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry The expression in general means nothing: but apply to the writings of Yeats as those of Milton, it is most appropriate With both poetry is sacred, *something* more than life, *a faith*, an enthusiasm, a passionate religion Their poetry acts like an incantation Its merit lies less in the obvious meaning than in the occult power. They are mere words but they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced than the past is present and the *distant near*. New forms of beauty start at once into existence and all the burial places of the *memory* give up their dead.

It may be mentioned that the merit of his Muse

was recognized in 1923 when he was awarded a Nobel Prize for literature.

On January 29, 1939, this illustrious pioneer of the 'Celtic School of Poetry' passed away from this earthly sojourn leaving behind a legacy rich in thought and rhythm. Towards the close of his life he modified his style and tried to be "as cold and passionate as the dawn."

•

Devendranath Tagore

TAGORE'S FATHER

A Life Sketch of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore)

TAGORE'S FATHER

(A Life Sketch of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore)

The direct communion of the human soul with the Supreme Spirit was the most salient point of his teachings. No Gurus or Prophets stand between our soul and our God. We see him face to face, and hear His voice in the innermost depths of our conscience.

Satyendranath Tagore

It is a common observation that old wom
ove their grandchildren a great deal. Mahar
was fortunate enough to partake of the love of
grandmother. She was very fond of him. And
always considered her as his all in all He spent
pleasant days of his childhood in the company of
grandmother While sleeping, sitting or eating
did not leave her side She was a staunch believ
in her religion She was very regular in her visits
the temple of goddess Kali Young Deven
always accompanied her to the temple Whene
it so happened that the grandmother went for
pilgrimage of sacred places leaving him behi
he wept very bitterly and his lamentations were a
for dadi-ma (grandmother)

few days before death dadi-ma told Devend
when a grown-up lad, that whatever she
ve to him and to no one else Afte
she handed over the keys of her
und in the box, when he opened it
and gold coins.
to the doctors' advice dadi-ma
-bank She remained living
side of the Holy Ganges When
e was drawing to a close Deven
nights by her death-bed. He
years of age

Up to [illegible] had got all facilities of [illegible] dalliance. I [illegible] the higher life. What is God? What is Jeva? He did not care to probe. He was never trained accordingly. He was in the dark; he had never seen the light.

Maharshi was born in May, 1817, in Jorasanko, Calcutta. His father, Dwarkanath Tagore, was a well-to-do personality. He was very lavish in his expenditures. His extravagance brought him the title of prince and he had the proud privilege of being called 'Prince Dwarkanath' by the people, in and outside Bengal, who knew him. Being the son of a prince Maharshi was brought up in grandeur and glory, though to form the religious side of his life dadi-ma's influence had a greater access.

He was about thirty years of age when his father breathed his last. At his death Prince Dwarkanath was in England. That was his second visit to England. From worldly point of view father's death was a great loss to Devendra because after that he had to face a host of troubles and to undergo unusual difficulties. But a keen observation could make one believe that the Invisible had put him [illegible]

[illegible]

himself suddenly disillusioned and new realities began to dawn on his consciousness. At that time he was absolutely absent-minded. Life was an unpleasant role for him, and the worldly atmosphere was no less dreadful to him than the gravity of the moonlit night in a graveyard. Everything in this world had no taste for him and he failed to find any

place where he could get peace of mind.... One d
after the demise of dadi-ma, when the evening s
was peeping from behind the golden screen of t

lessons in Sanskrit from his very boyhood, a

to support the son of the Pundit after the latte
death

He did not like to see God in the darkness
belief rather in the light of knowledge, and for t
aim of his he had put every endeavour He felt th
with the knowledge of the outward things we c
reach the inner core of our ownself One d
when he was absorbed deep in thought, he imagin
those days of his early youth when once he had
peep of the Infinite visible in the infinite heave
Now, again, he gazed towards the sky with a mea
ingful look in his eyes. The sky was studded w
countless stars and planets. In this heavenly beau
he happened to have a sight of the Eternal, a
seemed to feel that it was His glory who has be
the source of our limited knowledge, and who is t
Creator and Protector of the universe. But
Himself does not possess any form or shape; He
Light—an Eternal and Infinite Light. He did
create this world with His own hands rather
brought the whole universe into existence sim
with His will He is neither the idol of the tem

place their ated the

creditors were so much touched that—one of them, it is said, actually shed tears—after a deep thinking over the matter and with the intention of rendering true support they decided to take charge of the whole property and sanctioned an annual remuneration of rupees twenty-five thousand as a subsistence allowance for the bereaved family . This just treatment from the creditors made Maharshi feel extremely happy.

However, the creditors could not keep the property in their own hands for a fairly long time because they were so much impressed by Maharshi's clear conscience that within a period of two years they voluntarily relinquished the estate to his management Although it took Maharshi plenty of years to clear off the debts with compound interests, yet he did not let loose the honesty of his intention to be impressed by the outward influence His wise management and exemplary self-denial afforded him every convenience to pay off the debts to the last penny.

An example of his honesty is exuding not merely from the matter of payment of the debts but... Prince Dwarkanath was extraordinarily generous, he never held his hand from free giving and munificence He had made several promises of financial help with various institutions, but his sudden death blocked his way of fulfilling all such promises However Maharshi considered it his maiden duty to honour the promises made by his father and besides abundance of other financial help he offered a charitable society of Calcutta, whom Prince Tagore had given a promise of the help of one lac of rupees, not only the promised sum but also the compound

ance another small boat jumping and leaping on the
urface of the water presenting a scene of a beauti
al unconsoled child in the lap of her mother
st taken away from her breast. Within a few
oments the boat was quite close to Maharshi's
oat. The boatman was very much impressed by
eir courage and could not help saying, "No fear;
o ahead." These words fell upon the ears of
aharshi as if someone had infused in him a fresh
e ... Who was at such a time to encourage him?
us was exactly the voice he wanted to hear; but,
as, where was the source of that voice? Did it
me from the boatmen? No, not at all; that was
everlasting voice of the Eternal.

As soon as Maharshi began to feel that God
s without shape and form, the feelings of
horrence against idolatory arose in his mind It
s a usual practice of his that he used to remain
t on tour during the days of Durga Puja
tival; his main purpose to do so was that he

Leaving aside the numberless places he visited
the Province of Bengal, Amritsar, Lahore, Multan
l Rangoon are worth relating He went to these
ces preaching and proclaiming the Brahma
gion, and establishing Brahma Samajs where
cticable.

Maharshi was on the verge of thirty-seven when
younger brother, Girindranath, passed away
had been controlling the management of the
n with his judicious system of work, sufficient
acity for hard work, efficient competency for
nagement and excellent ability in business. So
ch so that whereas *the management of the firm*
concerned, his death had created a void which
hat time seemed something like impossible to fill

doxy. His ideals differed greatly from those
educated young community of that age.
opinion the ancient India was an affectionate
open for all, wherein all such elements were n
ed which according to the religious and mora
victions could be called pure in all respects
would be no exaggeration if we say that
imbibed the spirit of the ancient *rishis* mor
any of his contemporaries "It is singular," s
son, Satyendranath Tagore, "that the one
religious inspiration which was foreign to hi
the Hebrew Scriptures He was never kn
quote the Bible, nor do we find any allu
Christ or his teachings in his sermons His
was Indian in origin and expression, it was In
ideas and in spirit."

In 1863 Maharshi bought a land at

kinds of conveniences for meditation and s
In his early days he used to spend his tim

the purpose of worship by a trust-deed.

There is many a year between his ret
from public life and death. During this long
he spent many years in tours. Out of the
he visited Bombay, Cashmere and Hongk

next day Prasannakumar gave him every consolation and told him that he was not required to do anything, he should let his uncle receive whole of the income of his *zamindari* and his debts would be paid off by his uncle as soon as they fell due. In that course no one would worry Devendranath for his debts. . . . He agreed gratefully to that proposal and thereafter used to make over to his uncle the whole income of his *zamindari* while he undertook to clear off his debts

Naba Bannerjye was present there that day and was talking with Maharshi with regard to the *Tatwabodhini Patrika* Suddenly Prasannakumar interfered with a loud laughter and addressing Maharshi said, "Can you prove the existence of God?" "Can you prove the existence of the wall in front of you?" replied Maharshi. Prasannakumar laughed heartily at this quick reply and said, "Upon my word, what a question? We can see that wall is there, what's the need to prove?" "I can see that God is everywhere, what's the need to prove?" replied Maharshi "Do you think God is the same as that wall?" said Prasannakumar. "To me God is more near than the wall," replied Maharshi.

In 1856 when he was thirty-nine years of age he

During the whole of his stay there he remained absorbed in intense study and contemplation.

On his return to Calcutta he presented his

GANDHIJI AT SANTINIKETAN

(Gandhiji's Third Visit to Santiniketan)

worthy of mention. For a short time he lived alone in a separate house in the Park Street. But this separation did not last for a long time; ultimately he returned to his ancestral home at Jorasanko, Calcutta

Towards the last days of the year 1902, Maharshi's health gave way and since that time he was constantly ailing. Several times during the last days his life peeped through the darkness of despair but every time his strong constitution and a will to live staved off death. In those days of distress the following stanza from Hafiz was always on his lips

> "The bell is tolling. I have heard the call and am ready to depart with all my luggage."

At last he heard the call and on Thursday, the 19th January, 1905, at fifty-five minutes past one before daybreak he left for the eternal abode of peace

"Son of Dwarkanath Tagore and the first secretary, I believe, of the British Indian Association," writes Shri Anand Mohan Bose in a letter addressed to Shri Satyendranath Tagore on receipt of the news of Maharshi's death, "he might have been a Maharaja long before this But he chose for him the better part. Maharajas die but maharshis live in the grateful hearts of the unborn generations"

•

*The visit to Santiniketan was a pilgrimage ,
I had long intended to go there, but the oppo
offered itself only on my way to Malikanda. S
ketan is not new to me. I was first there in 191
it was yet taking shape,—not that it is not doing
now Gurudev is himself growing Old age ha
no difference to the elasticity of his mind. Santi
will therefore never cease to grow so long as Gu
spirit broods over it He is in everyone and eve
in Santiniketan The veneration in which he is
everyone is uplifting because it is spontane
certainly uplifted me. The title the grateful s
and staff gave him accurately describes the pos
commands in Santiniketan He does so becaus
lost himself to the place and the congregation I s
he was living for his dearest creation Visvabhar
wants it to prosper and to feel sure of its futu
had a long talk about it with me but that
enough for him, and so as we parted he put
hands the following precious letter .*

" Dear Mahatmaji,

You have just had a bird's-eye view this morning of our Visvabharati centre of activities I do not know what estimate you have formed of its merit You know that though this institution is national in its immediate aspect it is international in its spirit, offering according to the best of its means India's hospitality of culture to the rest of the world.

At one of its critical moments you have saved it from an utter breakdown and helped it to its legs We are ever thankful to you for this act of friendliness.

And, now, before you take your leave of Santiniketan I make my fervent appeal to you Accept this institution under your protection, giving it an assurance of permanence if you consider it to be a national asset. Visvabharati is like a vessel which is carrying the cargo of my life's best treasure, and I hope it may claim special care from my countrymen for its preservation

With love,

RABINDRANATH TAGORE "

Who am I to take the institution under my protection? It carries God's protection because it is the creation of an earnest soul It is not a show thing Gurudev himself is international because he is truly national Therefore all his creation is international, and Visvabharati is the best of all. I have no doubt

In the course of a letter which he wrote on
eve of his visit to Santiniketan Gandhiji describe
as a 'pilgrimage.' As an institution that, pend
his arrival, invited and gave shelter, under its ho
table roof, to members of his 'family' on th
return to India from South Africa, it has alw
claimed a soft corner in his heart. And the sw
associations of Gurudev and Borodada, the
Mr. Pearson and Deenabandhu Andrews have
heightened that feeling. To attune himself to
feeling, or perhaps under the stress of that feel
Gandhiji before starting made a drastic reductio
his entourage, cutting it down to the barest m
mum irrespective of every other consideration.
though many at that time failed to catch its imp
gave Gandhiji, in the retrospect, a supreme sa
to have taken that unbending moral stan
course befitting the solemnity of the o

was to be his third visit to Santinike
ne being fourteen years ago—in 1925.

knew it was overdue Every report about Gurudev's failing health accompanied by a 'love message' from the Poet that Deenabandhu sent to Gandhiji, from time to time, reminded him of it It was Deenabandhu who had acted as the 'go-between' on the present occasion, when he conveyed to Gandhiji the Poet's pressing invitation to visit Santiniketan But by a cruel irony when that long-looked-for visit actually came he *was not there to witness it.* He had been suddenly taken ill a few days before and removed to the Presidency Hospital, Calcutta, in a precarious condition He was more than a member of the 'joint family' of Gurudev and Gandhiji, and the shadow of this domestic illness overhung and tinged the whole of Gandhiji's Santiniketan visit.

A Sacred Remembrance

A small reception had been arranged for Gandhiji on the afternoon of the day of his arrival It was held in the *Amrakunja*, a spot rendered sacred by its associations with the late Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, Gurudev's father It was here, tradition says, that he used to sit and sometimes remain absorbed in meditation from eventide till daybreak. By his will he converted it into a place of universal worship of one Brahma, the Formless and Invisible, and a sanctuary for all wild animal life

The function commenced with a chanting of the favourite Upanishadic text, with the haunting

य एतद्विदुरमृतास्ते भवन्ति ।

The address of welcome was read by Gurudev himself It was short and impressive But Gandhiji's thoughts were far away with Charlie Andrews in Calcutta On a previous occasion Deenabandhu had sung :

"And I have seen His face—
have seen and known
This sacrament was given

• • • •

And I can wait the dawning of the day,
The day-star on my night already shining
The shadow and the veil shall pass away,
Death shall make true my dreaming"

And now he lay hovering between life and death. Gandhiji made a feeling reference to him in his reply

"My uppermost feelings on arriving here are about Deenabandhu," he began "Perhaps you do not know that the first thing I did yesterday morning on alighting from the train at Calcutta was to pay him a visit in the hospital Gurudev is a world poet, but Deenabandhu too has the spirit and temperament of a poet in him. He had long yearned to be present on the present occasion, to drink in and store up the memory of every word, movement and gesture relating to the meeting with Gurudev

knew it was overdue Every report about Gurudev's failing health accompanied by a 'love message' from the Poet that Deenabandhu sent to Gandhiji, from time to time, reminded him of it It was Deenabandhu who had acted as the 'go-between' on the present occasion, when he conveyed to Gandhiji the Poet's pressing invitation to visit Santiniketan But by a cruel irony when that long-looked-for visit actually came he was not there to witness it He had been suddenly taken ill a few days before and removed to the Presidency Hospital, Calcutta, in a precarious condition He was more than a member of the 'joint family' of Gurudev and Gandhiji, and the shadow of this domestic illness overhung and tinged the whole of Gandhiji's Santiniketan visit

But God had willed it otherwise and he now lies
Calcutta, stricken down and unable even to mak
full use of his speech. I would like you all to join m
in the prayer that God may restore him to us soo
and, in any case, may grant his spirit peace.

Sweet Old Memories

"I have not come here as a stranger or a guest
Santiniketan has been more than a home to me. It
was here that the members of my South African
family found warm hospitality in 1914, pending my
arrival from England, and I too found shelter here
for nearly a month. The memories of those days
crowd in upon me as I see you all, here assembled
before me. It grieves me that I cannot prolong my
stay here as I would have loved to It is a question
of duty. In a letter to a friend, the other day,
I described my present trip to Santiniketan and
Malikanda as a pilgrimage. Santiniketan has truly,
this time, proved for me a '*niketan*' of '*santi*'—an
abode of peace. I have come here leaving behind
me all the cares and burdens of politics, simply to
have Gurudev's *darshan* and blessings. I seek
often claimed myself to be an accomplished
beggar. But a more precious gift has never
dropped into my beggar's bowl than Gurudev's
blessings today. I know his blessings are with
me always. But it has been my privilege today to
receive the same from him in person, and that fills
me with joy."

for Truth, in the higher stages of its realisation, religion is of no matter And so he came to 'Upanekhats' " which are a treasury of monotheism " And yet it was not that he wanted to raise a hybrid growth by grafting Hinduism on Islam or *vice versa* As Dr. Yusuf Hussan has pointed out, " he was actuated by a desire to prove that both Islam and Hinduism, in appearance so fundamentally dissimilar, are essentially the same. Both represent spiritual efforts of man to realise Truth and God "

In Nandababu's Sanctum

The last to be visited was the Kala Bhawan, Shri Nandababu's *sanctum sanctorum* of art. " Like Krishna, he hides himself behind his work," was the epigrammatic description given of him by a friend to Gandhiji. Retiring, shy, reserved, he is the pattern of humility and unassuming unostentatiousness. He lives only in and for his art which he has taken as his spiritual *sadhana.* " You cannot become an artist," he is fond of telling his pupils, " unless you identify yourself with the humblest and the meanest of God's creation." A gentler soul has hardly ever breathed All the children are his chums, and it is a common sight to see Nandababu make a detour to avoid a bunch of youngsters engaged in a 'lark' lest he should intrude upon their 'freedom' !! " Art is a jealous and exacting mistress," is another favourite saying of his. But though fastidious and meticulous to

A Philosopher Prince

In the section of Islamic culture, Gandhiji was delighted to see an original manuscript transcribed in his own beautiful caligraphic hand by that Philosopher Prince—Dara Shikoh, who through his mysticism arrived at a catholicity and breadth of religious outlook that was unheard of in those days and is rare even in our own. In a monograph published by the Department we are told how he patronised men of all denominations, saints, theologians, philosophers and poets of every creed and community, studied Sanskrit, became deeply interested in the Vedanta and Yoga philosophy, and from the learned pandits of Benares and contacts with yogis, initiated himself into the practices of Yoga. Denounced by the fanatical set as a heretic he was nevertheless a true Mussulman. In a lengthy introduction to the Upanishads which he himself translated into Persian, he has explained how he was led to their study through his search after Reality. "Subtle doubts came into my mind for which I had no possibility of solution and, whereas the Holy Koran is almost totally enigmatical and at the present day the understanders thereof are very rare, I became desirous to collect into one view all the revealed books, as the very word of God itself might be its own commentary, and if in one book it be compendious in another book it might be found diffusive." Proceeding he adds that as a "mystic enthusiast and ardent advocate of the unity of God," he searched for Reality

hearsal and even delayed the programme by a quarter of an hour till he was satisfied that everything was tip-top. It was a sight to be remembered when at one stage he almost jumped to the edge of his seat and broke out into a musical interpolation to provide the cue when the performers had or seemed to have lost it His enthusiasm must have got an infectious quality in it, for I have never seen Gandhiji follow with such sustained and rapt interest any entertainment as he did this one during the full one hour that it lasted

A Saddening Reflection

From a bare spot that Santiniketan is originally said to have been and notorious for being the haunt of dacoits, it has under the magic of Gurudev's personality grown to its present size, and yet, as Kshitishbabu remarked to Gandhiji with a sigh, "the scholars who are engaged in research work are cramped for space, and when enough accommodation is forthcoming, who knows, the present race of scholars at any rate may have run its course!"

Harijan,—March 9, 1940 PYARELAL

F Andrews

DEENABANDHU

...hort Biographical Sketch of C F Andrews)

"Since coming to live here in South India I have been more and more struck with the tenderness of the landscape and the peace that broods over it. What a lovely country it is! There are the hills in the distance, with their gentle rise and fall. The sunrise and the sunset, through the monsoon days bring with them an indescribable glory. Whenever the rain descends nature at once responds, and the earth becomes green with such a richness of colour that the eye drinks it in with pleasure."

Above words are taken from *Sandhya Meditations* by Deenabandhu Andrews. *Sandhya Meditations* is one of the two books which were in press when he died. It was published a few days after his death. In this book he adored beauty—beauty which was an expression of Truth and Goodness. To him the place was really very beautiful. He found beauty in the sky with the clouds, in the mists of the dawn, in the buildings of the hospital amid the trees, in the calm and cool

atmosphere of the prayer house, and in everything around him.

Beauty is inward It remains in the inner core of the man's heart. Deenabandhu's simplicity of character, peace of mind, love for nature, made the outward atmosphere look to him calm and pretty. Beauty arose from his own heart and he loved beauty

When about thirty-eight years ago Deenabandhu decided to come to India, there were friends who remonstrated with him He had won a Triple First and was a Cambridge Don. If he stayed at home he might one day be venerated as the senior-most Professor of History in Cambridge, or if he entered politics he might one day be Prime Minister. He would not be moved from his resolve. "India calls" were the two words he uttered with such deep conviction that it silenced all remonstrance.

Some four or five years ago friends found that he was *feeling the effects of a none too robust* health and approaching age They asked him to settle down in a quiet spot in England and give more fruits of his pellucid pen to the world. But he said 'no,' he could not think of settling anywhere else but India The surgeon who performed the two operations on him suggested that he should go to Europe and have the second operation there. But how could he leave his real home ? "Whatever happens to me," he said, "must happen here"

Desai, who loved India more and who has served India better. That was not because of an emotional impulse but because he knew India, went on with the years knowing her and loving her more and more, he knew the wrong that his countrymen had done to India, consciously or unconsciously, and he had resolved to atone for it"

A few days before his death when Mahatma Gandhi visited Deenabandhu on his return from Malikanda in the Presidency Hospital, Calcutta, Deenabandhu referred to the crisis in Europe and said, "Bapu, *swaraj* is coming I see it coming. India will be free" "I know it," replied Gandhiji "Do you know?" resumed Deenabandhu. "I am quite reconciled to my illness. I think it was God's blessing in disguise. It has given me a wonderful experience which I would never otherwise had"

Deenabandhu could work wonders at times when the welfare of the human race was concerned. In South Africa when the Final Agreement with General Smuts was about to be signed came a wire to Gandhiji saying Kasturabai was seriously ill But Gandhiji refused to go until the Agreement was signed by the General Deenabandhu ran to Smuts who was deeply touched, signed the Agreement and released both to go to Durban At the time of the last Yeravda Fast of August, 1933, he worried Sir Reginald Maxwell at all hours of the day and night until the final release of Gandhiji. In 9132

during the Premier's Award Fast, he was now with Lord Halifax, then with Sir Samuel Hoare, then with Mr. MacDonald, and saw that there was not a moment's delay in announcing the decision. On countless other occasions he took upon himself the mission of peace and worked at it without regard of the result

"He had ahimsa in a larger measure than most people I have known," says Mahadev Desai His kindly eyes and smile which were but an index of the loving heart that beat within his breast will always remain with those who came in contact with him. It is rarely that one can say about any person that he or she never spoke a harsh word to or of anyone But it is true of Andrews. "I have seen him return from interviews with officials," writes Amrit Kaur, "where harsh words had been said to him and about *those* whom he loved But no anger ever entered his heart, and he knocked again and again at the doors of those who misunderstood him, his overflowing love for India, and the burning desire that his England should do justice to her On more than one occasion has he returned to our house bereft of his coat and drenched with rain because he felt that some poor hillman carrying a heavy load on his back needed the garment more than he did"

His Christianity was as wide as his humani the Scriptures of other faiths were to him not less dear than that of his own It was a favourite saying of his that, but for his Indian and non-Christian

home. It is the place with which for over a quarter of a century he affectionately identified himself To the welfare of this institution Andrews gave his whole-hearted devotion No private resources could be adequate for the support of such a centre of study and research, and many of the financial and other contributions which have been made to it from East and West alike have been owed to Andrews' perseverance, hard work and faith in its future.

Deenabandhu was a great friend, in the true sense of the word, of the poor, depressed and the labour class His services in the cause of the South African Indians were outstanding and his humanitarain appeals for the better treatment of Indians overseas have always received the ear of the Government and the attention of responsible European opinion. His services in the cause of Indians in South Africa, his simplicity, his constant endeavours to bring about a better understanding between the European and Indian communities, his constant thought for the poor, will always remain fresh in the minds of those for whom he lived and died.

" Mr Andrews had the greatest of gifts—love," writes Dr. Edgar Brookes, a senator in South Africa, in a letter to Mahatma Gandhi " I would rather be like Mr. Andrews than the Prime Minister of a great country. He was the closest among all the people that I have ever met to what I imagine Jesus to have been. He brought something to India. He learned

the taxi left, he followed it with his eyes, his head bent. It disappeared round a corner and he stood very still. Then he turned to me and said, 'I feel as though I had been honoured to give lunch to my Lord.' It was the meeting of two great men and they met for the sake of Indian labourers in Guinea."

"As those who desire to be one in heart and soul with the people of the land," says Deenabandhu, "we must not expect or even wish them to approximate to our standard of living, but must continually expect and wish ourselves to approximate to their's. There is a vernacular of thought and habit and temper to be learnt as well as a vernacular language"

He was a true friend of the poor, a real ally of the miserable, a sincere associate of the humble and a good companion of the depressed His death left an aching void which it would not be possible to fill Rarely are the Englishmen able to identify themselves as he did with those whose interests seemingly or with the material point of view conflict with England's.

"In the death of C F Andrews," says Mahatma Gandhi in a statement to the press, "not only England, not only India, but humanity has lost a true son and servant And yet his death is a deliverance from pain and a fulfilment of his mission on this earth. He will live through those thousands who have enriched themselves by personal contact or contact with his writings

much from India and much from yourself. Those who were made humbler and better by knowing him will, like myself, want to thank you for helping to make him what he was."

Mr A G Fraser of Elgin tells a story about Deenabandhu which is worth repeating here. "The noblest of British Governors that I have known, Sir Gordon Gaggisberg, who literally gave his life for Africans, was anxious to know Charlie and he asked me to arrange a meeting, if possible, for lunch in his club, the Army and Navy Club in Pall Mall. It is one of the most rigid clubs in London in its standard of dress, so I told Gaggisberg that Charlie would not be dressed for clubland. He did not care about that, so the lunch was arranged. On the day, I was seated with Sir Gordon when the porter came and said, 'Sir, there is a man at the door who says he has an appointment with you, but I did not like to let him in till you had seen him.' I said to Gaggisberg, 'That's Charlie,' and it was. He was worse dressed than I have ever known him to be in Europe. But Gaggisberg was too delighted to meet him to think of that. We had lunch at a small central table and admirals, generals, governors came up to greet Gaggisberg who was newly back in England. He introduced them all to Charlie. Thus we retired to an alcove for a quiet talk, and Charlie's visit to British Guinea was fixed up. Thus Charlie had to go and Gaggisberg saw him down to the street and finding a taxi himself for him put him into it. As

the East, to the task of interpreting in their own modes of thought the spirit and mind of Christ We envisage a modest building, sufficiently endowed to enable us to offer such scholars and students a home at a minimum cost, with simple living accommodation, meeting hall, and the library whose nucleus Charles Andrews had already begun to assemble He himself made Santiniketan his headquarters during a life of practical Christian service which reached out from here to the ends of the earth We hope that such a Hall would enable others consecrated to the same kind of service to enjoy the same kind of home.

"The full carrying out of this programme will require a fund of at least Rs 5,00,000 (£ 40,000) We ask Andrews' friends and admirers all over the world to give liberal support to a scheme which will make possible, in his name, the preservation and enrichment of this work nearest to his own heart"

But the response made through the memorial appeal had been very poor though the organization of the fund principally rested upon Gandhiji's shoulders. Gandhiji had done nothing in the hope that Deenabandhu's solid work for submerged humanity would need no organized effort and that it would evoke spontaneous response After waiting for about two years Gandhiji was obliged to put forth his personal efforts He came out and succeeded to collect the funds [illegible] within a week's time The funds [illegible] spent for the

Andrews was one of the greatest and best of Englishmen And because he was a good son of England he became also a son of India. I have not known a better man or a better Christian than C. F. Andrews. India bestowed on him the title of Deenabandhu. He deserved it because he was a true friend of the poor and down-trodden in all climes"

An appeal in connection with Deenabandhu Memorial was issued over the signatures of Abul Kalam Azad, S. K. Datta, M. K. Gandhi, M. M. Malaviya, Sarojini Naidu, Jawaharlal Nehru, V S Srinivasa Sastri and Foss Wescott (Bishop), and we give below an extract of the same :

"It was true insight which caused an Indian friend to interpret the initials C F. A. as meaning 'Christ's Faithful Apostle' Christ was the centre of his life Devotion to Him was his outstanding characteristic and the source of his inspiration and strength During the last months at Santiniketan he often expressed the hope that in this place, where the civilisations of the world can share with each other the bases of their strength, there might be established a Hall of Christian culture which could do for India's thought through contact with the Western world what the 'Cheena-Bhawan' is expected to do for our relationship with China. The central purpose of the Hall would be the study of the teaching and character of Christ and its application to the solution of international problems It would seek to attract scholars and students, especially of

following four objects

(i) Ensuring the permanence of the present established work by an endowment to enable Santiniketan to fulfil Andrews' high hopes for it, unhampered by the constant financial anxiety with which it is now burdened.

(ii) A small but properly equipped hospital.

(iii) The provision of 'Deenabandhu wells' in the Birbhum District

(iv) The provision of the Hall of Christian culture.